

PEACE WITHOUT REVOLUTION

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Events of the Week.

THE end of the war, which was "in sight," is at length "within reach." The Note which the German Government sent to President Wilson on Sunday closes the preliminary correspondence, and that with an unmistakably sincere affirmation of Germany's urgent demand for peace at almost any price. The Note stated that Germany, after accepting Mr. Wilson's answer, now awaits proposals for an armistice. The Inter-Allied Conference, reinforced by the presence of Colonel House as Mr. Wilson's plenipotentiary, is now, in concert with the military and naval commanders, drawing up the precise terms of the armistice. If they include only guarantees, however stringent, which will prevent Germany from renewing the war, then presumably since she knew in principle what she had to accept, she will bow to the inevitable. The only danger is lest the elation of sudden victory and the sense of irresistible power may tempt the Allies to add superfluous humiliations to necessary guarantees. The Note declared once more that "far-reaching changes" are being carried out in Germany's constitutional structure. "A people's government" to which "the military power is subject" will conduct the negotiations for peace. In order doubtless to prove by acts that this statement is true, Ludendorff has "resigned," or rather, as all the facts suggest, has been dismissed. As a gesture designed to show that the "People's Government" is really in the saddle, no demonstration, hardly even the abdication of the Kaiser (which the "Frankfurter Zeitung" now cautiously demands and the Socialist papers openly discuss) could be more significant than this. The military machine is brought under subjection at the moment when Austria's capitulation and Turkey's surrender proclaim its impotence to stave off total defeat.

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THE immediate reason for Ludendorff's dismissal seems to have been that though he originally advised the request for an armistice, he afterwards recovered hope and wished to continue the resistance. There are rumors, probable enough in themselves, that he and other Junkers and generals were planning a pronunciamiento, not so much against peace as against the civil control of the Army. A sort of obituary notice on the

dead power, by Herr Wolff in the "Berliner Tageblatt," dwells on his far-flung political schemes, especially in the Russian Borderland, his rapid decisions, his personal whims, his ability up to the last moment to enforce his will. Two "side-governments," the Crown and the High Command, menaced popular government. Of the two Ludendorff certainly was the stronger and abler, and the more dangerous. With this illustrative act before us, we may go on to welcome as realities the various legal changes in the Constitution. The Prussian Reform Bill is now as good as passed, awaiting only the formal final stages: it will be followed by a similar bill in the scarcely less reactionary Saxony. The chief Imperial changes begin (1) with an amendment of the constitution which permits Reichstag deputies to accept high Ministerial office, and to "represent" the Chancellor—i.e., to act as responsible Ministers in the Western sense. (2) The consent of the Reichstag is now made necessary for the declaration of war or the conclusion of peace, and also for the ratification of treaties. It may be said, of course, that the control of the diplomacy leading up to war would be worth more than control over the final act of a declaration of war. That is everywhere true. The Reichstag always did discuss Foreign Affairs with much freedom: it should now debate with real power in its grip.

* * *

By far the most important constitutional change is a simple formula which almost in itself raises the Chancellor into a Premier responsible to Parliament, and depresses the Emperor to the position of a "limited" Monarch. "The Chancellor bears responsibility for all acts of political significance" undertaken by the Kaiser. "In the conduct of his office," he requires the "confidence of the Reichstag." The Chancellor and his representatives (i.e., Ministers) are "responsible to the Bundesrat and the Reichstag for their conduct of office." So far as words can do it, this establishes Parliamentary Government. The reality depends on the ability of the Reichstag itself to forget its old habits of passivity. A passage of his speech, omitted by Reuter, stated that a Court of Impeachment is to be set up to guarantee that the Chancellor shall act within the limits of his responsibility to Parliament. That might not be an important safeguard under a well-established constitution, but with traditions still to be created, it is a useful guarantee in the background. Finally, all army or navy appointments, promotions, or dismissals made by the Emperor must be countersigned by the Chancellor. That seems to destroy the traditional function of the Prussian War-Lord. To those who imagine that the Kaiser can still dismiss a Chancellor at will, we would point out that a rescript of this kind must be counter-signed by the Chancellor himself. That happened for the first time when Hertling fell. The best commentary on all these startling changes is the despairing sentence of Count Westarp, the Conservative leader in the Reichstag debate—"the Ministry has become a mere Executive Committee of the Reichstag." Well, that is Parliamentary Government.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY has made a separate capitulation. That is the meaning of the pitiable Note with which Count Andrássy, suddenly called to the Foreign Office of the dissolving Dual Monarchy, has addressed to Mr. Wilson and all the Allies. He accepts Mr. Wilson's last Note, including the vital passages regarding the Tchecho-Slovaks and the Southern Slavs. He wishes, "*without awaiting the result of other negotiations*," to treat at once for peace and an immediate armistice. Thus the alliance is broken which Andrássy's father created, and with it the whole Dual system. It is just possible that this move may mean that Austria hopes by making peace at once to cover the German Southern Front, but much more probable that in the hour of dissolution she simply desires to escape the misery of further bloodshed. The break-up goes on so fast that it is difficult to keep pace with it. In Italy the commanders announce a formal withdrawal to the Austrian border. At Fiume Croat regiments have mutinied, though it is said that in the end they were defeated by loyal Magyar troops defending Hungary's one port. In Prague, brief telegrams announce a bloodless revolution. The Tchech National Council has proclaimed itself the actual Government of Bohemia, and the commander of the Austrian troops is said to have recognised their authority. Thus we are back again in 1848, but this time there is no Windishgrätz and no need for barricades.

* * *

IN German-Austria, the German Reichsrath deputies have, in accordance with the Emperor's wish, met for the first time as a Constituent Assembly. The Socialists took the lead, and proposed (in substance) that if the other nationalities, acting through similar constituent assemblies, desire to reconstitute Austria on a Federal basis, the Germans should agree: otherwise they fall back on the solution of joining the German Empire. The other nationalities all intend to declare their independence and to await the Peace Conference for the final solution. "We will meet you at Brussels" is the Tchech answer to these German overtures. As for the Magyars, they are thinking only of consolidating their independence, with a desperate and vain hope that they may be able to avoid the loss of their non-Magyar territories. That is unthinkable. For our part we did not desire dismemberment, but no Federalist will plead for any toleration of Magyar ascendancy.

* * *

WHAT exactly is happening in Budapest is hard to guess. Wekerle made an attempt to form a Coalition Ministry. Count Karolyi, with Socialist backing, refused to share in it. He has now formed a National Council, but how much authority it wields is hard to say. This Magyar aristocrat (often denounced as a "Catiline") has been a bold opponent of the war and the German connection, and a strong pacifist and democrat. He used to be no nearer toleration of the subject races than other Magyars, but latterly his views in this matter may have changed. He seems to demand a break with the Hapsburg Dynasty, or at least with the personal union. Dr. Lammasch (a fine personality, also a pacifist, but the reverse of a demagogue), who is now Premier, or shall we say, liquidator of Austria, is endeavoring to save the personal union, which seems to imply a Magyar-German block, stripped of the subject races. The Emperor-King, moving distractedly between Vienna and Budapest, has handed the settlement of Hungary over to the Archduke Joseph, the nominal commander on the crumbling Italian Front.

The only significance of all these arrangements is that they may avert bloody anarchy, and prepare the way for a rational and peaceful liquidation under the control of the Peace Conference.

* * *

PRESIDENT WILSON has interfered in the Congressional elections, which are due on November 5th. The Republicans accuse him of "political profiteering," and have tried to suggest that he is advocating Free Trade. He answers that his League of Nations policy means not any interference with each country's fiscal independence, but only a veto on discrimination against any member of the League. The old guard of the Republican Party, with Senator Lodge at its head, is undoubtedly opposing, as openly as it dare, the whole League of Nations idea; and attacking the Fourteen Points in a Bitter-Endian spirit. The House of Representatives to be elected next week does not legally exist till March, and would not normally meet till the following December. The Senate, of which a third falls to be elected, will have to ratify the Peace Treaty. A Senate led by Mr. Lodge might reject the "Covenant" of the League of Nations. Though Mr. Wilson will in any event retain full executive authority, his prestige would suffer very seriously from a democratic defeat next week. Far more turns on these elections than on our own. They may confirm Mr. Wilson's world-wide and beneficent power, or cripple it.

* * *

THE forcing of a general election which nobody wants, in the personal interest of the Prime Minister, and at his sole initiative, is now assumed, and it will probably be taken, in a state of universal confusion, at the beginning of December. The act is a wanton one, for though a new Parliament is essential for reconstruction, it cannot be formed so as to convey anything like a verdict on the war or the peace. Is the Army a thing of no importance? One would think so from Mr. George's treatment of it. Scores of thousands of soldiers will be physically unable to record a vote; thousands of others, through ignorance of the candidates and the issues, will have no moral chance of recording one. At home and abroad the election will take place under martial law, and that in itself is almost a *coup d'état*. In Ireland it will be held under a hostile military occupation and a system of police permits and prohibitions. The majority of members chosen will probably be prisoners of the British Crown. The embarrassment to our policy at the Peace Conference is easy to divine. The proceeding is a mere act of egoism. But, in the existing suspension of our political system, no honest man, or combination of honest men, seems able to stop it.

* * *

WHILE the situation on the Western Front has shown little change during the last week, there have been the striking developments in other parts of the field of war. The Italians have struck once more on the Piave, and have crossed the river and reached the Livenza. The Allies have reached the Danube at Widin and the Iron Gates, and General Allenby has rounded off one of the most striking campaigns of the war by the occupation of Aleppo. At the present moment these movements are more in the nature of anti-climax, since it seems certain that the Germans are disposed to accept terms for armistice which are not wildly unreasonable. At the same time, it must be said that the German fighting has recently been extremely cool and efficient. The great wedge which the 3rd and 4th Armies were driving up into the German position between Le Cateau and Valenciennes has met with fierce resistance. The British troops are there in country which is redolent of memories of the first days of the war, and they are now beginning to traverse the Mons battlefield from west to east. The impetus of the troops has been so great that we cannot

ignore the German rally, and it is this fact that led Ludendorff to revise his decision about the necessity of an immediate armistice.

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THE Flanders offensive, too, has died down, though the results are such that if we had secured them alone last year the news would have aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Bruges and the coast evacuated, Lille occupied—these are splendid achievements for the Army of Plumer, with the French covering his left and the Belgians carrying the line to the coast. Farther south the French are still moving eastwards upon Guise and northwards towards the Sene. But headway is made very slowly, and the Germans are choosing their own pace in the retirement. Before the Americans, north of Verdun, the retreat is even more deliberate. The great lateral railway has been under long-range fire for some time. But the interruption of so vital a line has been so slowly accomplished that there has been ample time for readjustment. The recent operations of the American troops have not entirely fulfilled the promise of Chateau Thierry, and it should be realized that the brunt of the fighting for six weeks has fallen upon our troops. Their record has been magnificent. They broke the Hindenburg system, they restored the warfare of movements, they brought the Germans to the very edge of defeat.

* * *

GENERAL DIAZ this week opened an offensive in Italy on so subtle a plan that it is difficult for anyone to discover its gist. Its meaning, however, is of little importance, for Austria is out of the war, and has pledged herself to withdraw her armies from Italian soil. So far as we can read it, the plan was to turn the Lower Piave from the middle course where the country offered better chances for an advance; but French and Italian troops were engaged in an elaborate covering action in the Mt. Grappa area. Lord Cavan, the British Commander-in-Chief in Italy, was placed in command of the 10th Italian army; but he seems to have got the work out of his British troops. Cavan's rôle was to establish a sufficient bridgehead across the Middle Piave. This was begun by the capture of the island of Grave di Papadopoli by the 7th Division, which by a strange coincidence found itself opposed by the 7th Austrian Division. This operation being complete, the troops of the 10th Army crossed the river in the vicinity of the island early on Sunday morning, and by evening were well established on the left bank. On Monday the Austrians delivered several fierce counter-attacks, but were unable to resist the force of the attack. On Tuesday the Allies had established themselves on a front of twenty-five miles across the river. In places the depth of their advance had carried the troops across the Martecano, a distance of six or seven miles. In some places the advance had reached a point of twelve miles from the point of departure, and the troops had reached the Livenza. It is presumably not without significance that General Diaz chose this particular date to deliver his blow. The toll of prisoners is now put at over 40,000, and General Treat has made his entry into Italian fighting with the first American troops. The front between the Brenta and the sea is broken, and the Austro-Italian war is formally at an end.

* * *

GENERAL ALLENBY has won an enduring place in history. In five weeks he has occupied Palestine and Syria, and ended the Turkish War. The armoured cars and cavalry that entered Aleppo on Saturday morning had, in that time, travelled over 400 miles of most difficult country, and the Indian cavalry proved their stamina by entering the gate of Syria side by side with the British Yeomanry. The advance guard had reached the neighbourhood of Aleppo a few days before, but they found trenches dug and works thrown up, and were prudent to wait till they were in greater force. General Liman von Sanders again waited as long as possible before evacuating ground of priceless

strategic value, but when the armoured cars came in sight he withdrew towards Alexandretta. Muslinnie, the junction of the Bagdad railway, has been taken, and with it perishes the hope of organized Turkish resistance outside Asia Minor. General Marshall is now moving in Mesopotamia, and if the Turks wait a little longer they will find themselves caught between two armies. Allenby's campaign has won the admiring applause of the Germans, and it has been a model of skill, dash, and endurance. Its crown has now been attained in the unconditional surrender of Turkey.

* * *

Now that the war is coming to an end, it will be necessary for the country to decide whether the struggle against Germany is to be succeeded by one against Russia. That is the new policy of the "Times," urged on the ground that Bolshevism has degenerated into a debauch of cruelty and violence. That seems hardly a reason for extending the reign of terror and famine. That has hitherto been the plain result of civil war, plus a foreign armed intervention. The Allies have not overthrown the Soviet Government; and the view of those who thought it would disappear before a few Allied troops has proved to be completely mistaken. On the whole, the Bolsheviks have rather strengthened their power, and the lateness of the season now destroys all hope of producing an effect till next spring. The aims of intervention were twofold. The first idea was to pull Russia together. Russia has not been "pulled together"; she has been driven more and more apart. The second object was to rekindle the war with Germany. But the war with Germany is nearly over, and under the armistice the German troops must soon be withdrawn. This step in turn will increase the power of the Soviets. Are we then largely to reinforce our army of evacuation and set up a new, most costly, most difficult, and most expensive war against a (bad) form of Russian democracy? That is the problem that may soon be set for our own democracy to settle.

* * *

THE Government have, we think, taken the right course in deciding to demand the immediate release of our prisoners as a condition or a preliminary of an armistice. So much rhetoric was used in the debate on their treatment in Germany that it is hard to apply any exact measure of their sufferings, and the proposal of at least one of the speakers in Friday's debate to kill or torture our prisoners in return is so disgusting that we should have liked (for once) to see a special censorship applied to the discussion. But we must accept Sir George's speech as a considered view of the case, and, in the light of it, Germany stands convicted of starving, ill-treating, and over-working thousands of helpless men, and of exposing them to death by their country's guns. Such conduct is not all malice. A part must be set down to haste, incompetent commandants, bad organization, and lack of supplies. But making all deductions, a great residue of callous wickedness remains to Germany's account, to which, in spite of the efforts of the Northcliffe Press and the Northcliffe M.P., there will be no British counterpart.

* * *

WE hope there is no truth in the story of the "Manchester Guardian" that as the price of the admission of our fleet to the Black Sea, through the Bosphorus, the Government are willing to leave the Turks in possession of Armenia. If this is a temporary and purely military arrangement, let it be so stated. If it is political, we hope that all parties will combine to resist it. The rescue of Armenia from Turkish control is a sacred trust. Lord Salisbury's adhesion to it was hardly less complete than Gladstone's. The fiction of the Turkish Empire may survive the war, and so far as Anatolia is concerned, there is no reason why Turks and Mohammedans should not go on ruling Turks and Mohammedans. But Armenia for the Armenians, subject to some international ward, is a cardinal point of British policy.

Politics and Affairs.

PEACE WITHOUT REVOLUTION.

"A World Revolution will follow a World Imperialism and World Militarism, and will overcome them."—*Dr. Cohn, Independent Socialist, in the Reichstag.*

THE face of the world is changing so rapidly that even its war tends to become a back number. Imperial Germany, our great enemy, abandoned by her greater and lesser Allies, has drawn the adverse lot and come to the end of her ambitious reign. Austria, her accomplice, has perished of her own hand, having first gone in desperate haste out of the war. The Turkish Empire, for centuries the terror of Europe and for centuries more its standing nuisance, lies at the mercy of a conquering British Army, marching in the path of Alexander, and has offered it an unconditional surrender. Further resistance to the arms of the Allies is useless, for Germany will soon be open to invasion at half-a-dozen points. Central Europe is still a geographical expression. But it is no longer a military Power. Russia is neither one nor the other. Every problem of government, almost every difficulty of human nature, has thus come into the account of statesmanship. We have to consider what will be the governing units of the Europe of to-morrow, how to relate them to each other, and with what moral and economic principles we shall shore up the shaken fabric. Our triumph is great, but so too are our responsibilities. For life has never been so difficult, or the tremulous balance of human fortunes so precariously held, since the fall of the Roman Empire. One point of steadfast light appears through this wreck of dissolving dreams. A firm hand, guided more by will and intellect than by feeling, controls the passion and steadies the mind of the older world. All depends on Mr. Wilson. If he wins, European society may recover, and if it recovers, will move on to higher levels. No such happy issue can come should his enemies at home overthrow him, or reaction in the Alliance counter-work his aims.

For now more than ever the true war is a war of ideas. The spirit of liberalism and that of reaction are at grips; and each belligerent country will find the friends and the enemies of peace, of victory, of security, of life itself, within her own borders. Should liberalism go down, its avenger stands at the door. In the existing state of the world, and with the example of Bolshevik Russia before our eyes, can we doubt what that will be should passion, or even a narrow-minded nationalism, preside over the settlement and grasp at this or that object of special desire, to the exclusion of the general good? We can make a peace in which each conquering unit will obtain a redistribution of wealth and power at the expense of a conquered neighbor, and then proceed to fortify itself against his retort. That is the peace of the French and Italian Nationalist, of the British Jingo or Trade Imperialist, just as it was the peace of the German Junker. If these ideas are embedded in the settlement, they will re-establish the rule of RIGHTS, the right of conquest, the right of the *revanche*, the right of economic preference and exclusion. The rival plan would take the world into counsel, and set up the reign of RIGHT. That is the peace of President Wilson.

To one of these conceptions the counsels of Versailles must adhere, and their decision will be fraught with incalculable consequences to mankind. We dismiss the proposition that, temporarily at least, they can

escape both of them, and present Germany with an armistice which will effect the unconditional surrender of her armies without telling them what they are to surrender to. That would be an act of disloyalty to the great Power whose aid we have sought. America has not won the war. But she alone has made victory possible, and the Allies' acceptance of her President's terms are the implied condition of her intervention. Mr. Wilson has made this plain in his closing Note to Germany. He will submit the German proposals for an armistice to the Allies if they are willing to "effect peace upon the terms and principles" he has indicated. The terms, therefore, cannot be set aside.

Neither can they be replaced by a peace in direct conflict with them. America's approach to militarist Germany is a demand for unconditional surrender. But her attitude to a Germany that has fully democratized herself and dethroned her military masters is totally different. Against such a Germany America will set up no economic barriers, and assent to no exclusive or hostile alliance. The world is to attain the unity that was its dream for ages, and international Justice begin her reign. But if the liberating word has been spoken, and Anglo-Saxons, Teutons, Slavs, and Celts are equally called in to interpret it, it would seem as if only a special gift of wisdom could assure its acceptance. It will be so easy to go wrong. The world will wake up in a few days or weeks to find how very poor the war has made it. Its tenement is shattered, and unless all the laborers work hard and work together, it can never be adequately repaired. But the laborers are not united. To the division of the two great Alliances, and the spiritual barrier of hate that the war has raised and the peace cannot at once remove, we must add the rent in modern society itself. Bolshevism would dispose of the rent by merely tearing away a part of the garment. But wherever there are laborers and capitalists, the problem of a bankrupt State is open to the Bolshevik solution. Away with luxury, away with armaments, away with inequality, away with kings, away with aristocracies and plutocracies, and all consumers of rent and interest! Away with all of it at once and by force, and set up the Workers' State! Ruthless idealism, and a keen criticism of the economic structure, lie behind this conception. It came from Germany, and Russia has merely given it an anarchic interpretation. It may extend to any industrial society in which the workers do not see their way at least to a progressive realization of a high standard of life and happiness. Before the war this element of expectation was present in every modern community. It was the ultimate hope of the world; to many it was a personal religion. But it must disappear if a state of semi-slavery supervenes such as faced the ruined though still primitive Russian State. The fear of it is obvious in the speeches of those German Social Democrats who appeal to the Allies not to load Germany with indemnities which she cannot pay. Here is probably the great crux of the peace. Germany has waged an evil warfare; and her Socialists might do worse than offer her Kaiser's property as a peace-offering to the ruined farmers and peasants and citizens of France and Belgium. But the devastation of modern war is beyond repair by any private or even national contribution. Its account is written in tens of thousands of millions, and no single prodigal can redeem it. In form, we suppose, Germany could be turned into a tributary State. But who is to collect the tribute? Who is to assure the existence of a Government that will go on paying it when the collector has withdrawn his forces?

Is then Germany to escape all reparation for her

offence? By no means. Reparation is not indeed included in the fourteen points, but it is implicit in them. Germany has offended against the world-order; she has admitted the offence, and she must make atonement to the full extent of her ability. She cannot, for example, avoid a Belgian indemnity of much less than four hundred millions sterling, and a French repairing fund to a still greater amount. But it is useless to make it to the interest of a debtor to declare himself insolvent. We can present the bill; but Germany cannot pay it if the total exceeds her assets and our treaty of peace forbids her to earn new ones. The treaty of the Protectionists spells an intended ruin for German trade, just as the extreme military humiliation which the Never-Endians would impose promises an equally designed prolongation of the war. The only way of safety is again the President's. He bargains for the removal of the military Empire that made the war. When it is gone, a new Europe springs into life, and calls for a new policy from the Western Alliance. It is therefore his and our business to look with the utmost keenness for the hour when a truly representative Government is at last seated in power in Berlin, and when we have convinced ourselves of its character and stability, to make its task a possible one. The fourteen points assume a Germany that will work under penalty, it is true, but in hope. For it assures a democratic State its share in the stock of world-material, and its entry into the world-guarantee of industrial development. Such a Germany can make a peace and keep a peace, provided the Allies will be reasonable in their claims and give it a chance to pay its way. Doubtless this is a German interest. But it happens to be our interest too. For Bankruptcy is at least as infectious as Revolution, and Europe stands on the threshold of both.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

THE evidence of a moral landslide in Germany daily accumulates. The association of the High Command with the request of the German Government for an armistice opened to the German people vistas of inevitable defeat, in the sight of which even the thought of national resistance on a reorganized moral front and a reformed military line was revealed as unprofitable and vain. The defeat and the dismissal of Ludendorff is the proof that there has emerged no centre of national hope about which such a moral resistance could constitute itself. Or, rather, it would be better to say that no such centre of hope has been found in Germany. The hopes of the German people are set upon President Wilson. The President of the United States has won a moral victory without precedent in the history of mankind.

What seems at first sight to be strange about this moral catastrophe is that it is not accompanied by any signs of actual revolution. There have been disorderly processions in Berlin, and cheers outside the Bolshevik Embassy; but the processions have mustered barely 2,000 people, and the cheers seem to have been taken seriously by no one. Moreover, at the first ballot in the by-election for the first constituency in Berlin—a Progressive seat for half a century—the Progressive received about 2,000 votes, the Majority Socialist 1,500, and the Independent only 500. In other words, the Independents are losing, not gaining ground. Berlin was their stronghold. In Berlin a year ago they could count on anything from two-thirds to three-quarters of the Socialist vote. Even in March in the contest for the Independent Stadthagen's seat they polled 15,000 votes to the Majority candidate's 25,000. Now they are overwhelmed by the Majority.

The cause of this seemingly paradoxical failure of the Independent Socialists is clear. The vital question at issue is that of peace. The Socialist electorate (and the non-Socialist also) is ready to plump for the quickest peace. The Independents could not outbid the Majority in offering peace. The Majority had actually made, or participated in making, the offer. Scheidemann was in the Government. The Independents had no policy to put forward; they could only criticize the Majority for having betrayed the principles of a democratic peace in the past. As far as the present was concerned, they could only fall into line with the Government, with Prince Max, and Scheidemann. Nothing more curiously illuminating the present temper of the German people, and the manner in which a revolutionary peace movement has been as it were overtrumped, could be found than the two election speeches made in Berlin by Haase and Scheidemann. Haase bitterly criticized the pretensions of the Scheidemann Party to be sincere supporters of peace and democratic reform in view of their past conduct. He considered that peace was imminent, but he proclaimed that the Independents would not consent to a peace of humiliation. They were ready to fight in a war of legitimate self-defence. Finally, he could not deny that the foundation of a majority government in which Socialists, even Scheidemann Socialists, had an official part was important, though it would not be so important as the Majority Socialists made out.

On the other hand, Scheidemann, though he spoke as a member of the Government, did not so much as hint at national resistance. Germany, he said, would go to the peace conference "trusting in the humanity of the enemy." By a quick transition he revealed that his trust was not so much in the humanity of the enemy as in the enemy's perception of his own interests. The enemy must know, he said, that it was not in his interest to starve Germany or to condemn her working-classes to unemployment. Slave labor did not pay. They were fully aware that the terms of peace would be such as would impose bitter sacrifices upon Germany; but the terms of peace, if President Wilson succeeded in carrying his principles through, would at least give Germany the right to hope for a prosperous future, in which she would enjoy equal rights among the nations. Not a member of Scheidemann's audience could have doubted for one moment that his policy was peace at any price. He let drop not the faintest indication that if President Wilson did not carry his terms of peace through, Germany should prepare for resistance. He outbade Haase at every point, and, unlike Haase, he was an active and influential member of the Government.

The Independents have nothing to offer worth taking in the way of peace; and in other respects they have no more to offer than the Socialist Majority. If they have, says "Vorwärts," let them say what it is. Nevertheless, the Majority organ admits that there is much talk in some of the Berlin factories of the formation of a Haase-Ledebour Government. It may be doubted, however, whether Haase and Ledebour themselves are privy to a movement which apparently aims at elevating them to a most precarious purple by means of a general strike in Berlin. As "Vorwärts" rightly points out, the Independent leaders are not in favor of striking for striking's sake. Much less are they likely to favor a strike at the present moment when even under the most favorable administrative conditions the food-supply is perpetually in jeopardy, and the first result of a large strike movement would be the starvation of the town-workers. What purpose is a revolutionary strike movement to serve? If it is to remove hindrances to peace, none are being made. If it is to give the working-classes control of affairs, it may fairly be said that they have more control of them through a government in which Scheidemann has a leading part than they would have through one led by Haase and Ledebour from which Scheidemann and the Majority were excluded, as they probably would be.

So much for Prussia-Germany. Still more significant were the speeches made at the party conference of Bavarian Socialists on October 13th. In Bavaria the severance between the Majority and the Minority

Socialists has never been wholehearted or complete. The two great Socialist organs of Bavaria, the "Fränkische Tagespost" and the "Münchener Post" have always opposed the split, followed the middle line and advocated reunion at the earliest opportunity. If one may sum up a whole series of outspoken, yet considered speeches, the common policy of the responsible leaders of Bavarian Socialism is "Down with the Hohenzollerns, but No Revolution, and Peace at any Price!" The immediate juxtaposition of the first two demands has a peculiarly Bavarian flavor, which is considerably intensified by the arguments developed by the Bavarian Socialist leader, Adolf Braun, in his speech. While he thought that a Bolshevik land-appropriation would be an admirable method of dealing with the Junkers east of the Elbe, he was at great pains to demonstrate that it would be disastrous in Bavaria, where the economic future belonged not to expropriation of the estates, but to co-operative agriculture on a large scale. In other words, the Socialists in Bavaria are engaged in making overtures to the Catholic peasantry for their support in a united non-revolutionary democratic movement, while openly demanding that the punishment of the guilty "shall not come to a halt before the steps of the (Prussian) throne."

Meanwhile, in kindred German Austria, a parallel movement of *rapprochement* between the Socialists and the rest of the Germans, nationalist and clerical, has taken place. There the Socialists, who were credibly reported to be as near to the Bolsheviks as any Socialists outside Russia, just as the Bavarian Socialists were more closely allied to the Minority than any other section of the old party in Germany, have also taken the lead in a united political, non-revolutionary movement. The bourgeois German Austrians have rallied to their programme of self-determination for the Germans. They have eaten humble pie and formally subscribed to a programme which the Austrian Socialists put forward years ago at Linz and have followed ever since. And here again the essential feature of the coalition is a *rapprochement* between the Socialists and the Catholic peasantry. The Die-hards of the Radical pan-German school have merely to follow the majority. The Prussian star which they would fain have followed is set.

In view of the fundamental changes in the political configuration of Central Europe which the surrender of Austria-Hungary is bound to bring, this parallel development in Bavaria and German Austria becomes singularly significant. Its significance is increased by a consideration of the attitude taken up by Bavaria to the German Empire during and after the Hertling Chancellorship. While Hertling was Chancellor, he was a personal guarantee that Bavaria's interests would be generously safeguarded within the Empire. For two things in particular he was security: first, that Alsace-Lorraine should not be given autonomy, but that the plan of partition between Prussia and Bavaria should be maintained; and, secondly, that the powers of the Federal Council should be undiminished by any thorough-going centralist reform of the constitution of the Empire. The first of these Bavarian interests has become obsolete by the acceptance of President Wilson's fourteen points. The second has been lately defended by the Bavarian Premier, von Dandl, with an obstinacy which provokes the indignation of Prussian Liberals, who accuse him of indifference to what is at stake for the German Empire. The fact is, of course, that the removal of the question of Alsace-Lorraine from the German sphere and the break-up of Austria have completely changed the political horizon for Bavaria. The hope of getting one half of Alsace-Lorraine was one of the most potent inducements to Bavaria to identify herself with Prussia-Germany. The inducement is now wholly removed. On the other hand, there is a daily increasing chance of incorporating the larger part of German Austria into Bavaria. Bavaria's policy henceforward is to insist upon her distinctness from Prussia-Germany, for by so doing she can facilitate the incorporation of German Austria into Bavaria instead of directly into the German Empire. The signs that the Socialists both in Bavaria and Austria (who, in times past, represented the strongest centralizing tendencies) are by a

natural movement accommodating themselves to such a development upon democratic lines are, as we have seen, fairly plain.

The centre of gravity of such a united Bavarian-Austrian State would fall practically outside the German Empire as we know it. Its vital artery, and the object of its principal interest would be the Danube. So it would naturally become one of the points about which the now disintegrated Dual Monarchy would crystallize. The new national States which are now in process of creation will also be primarily Danubian States. The great river will inevitably form the bond of peaceful union between them, and as the administration of the Danube has in the past afforded one of the most successful examples of practical internationalism, there is every reason to hope that it will in the future form the solid nucleus of a political confederation embracing the whole of South-Eastern Europe, and having as not the least of its functions the peaceful control, as international trustees, of Constantinople. The dream of a Slav Empire from Dantzig to Trieste is a dream of war. Its aim is to place an obstacle in the natural flow of economic and intellectual life in Europe. Something better and more permanent may be found.

But for this the reorganization of what was the Dual Monarchy must be thoroughgoing. Now that national claims are to be satisfied, they must be thoroughly satisfied. The formation of a united democratic front by the adoption by the German Austrians of the Socialist programme and their acceptance of Socialist leadership puts the German nationality in Austria on a political equality with the Slav nationalities. There remains one recalcitrant, as stubborn and as dangerous as she is adept at turning ignorant sympathies to account. The Magyars are straining every nerve to stage a political comedy which would be merely preposterous if it did not have some little chance of success. The Magyar chameleon is now busy disguising itself as an oppressed nationality, and by cleverly synchronizing its declarations of independence with those of the Czechs and South Slavs aims at inducing the Western democracies to forget, in a mist of sentimental recollections of Kossuth, that the Magyar oligarchy has been the most ruthless of all the oppressors of nationalities, and that its policy of repression was the immediate cause of the war. If the nationalities are freed from the yoke of Magyarism more will have been done to pacify South-Eastern Europe than has been done by the defeat of the Turks.

Thus the outlines of a non-revolutionary democratic reorganization of Central Europe for peace are becoming visible. It is natural, even elemental; and it is the duty of the victors in the long struggle to see that the development is, so far as they can safeguard it, not interrupted by the outbreak of Bolshevism. At present there is obviously a general will to avoid this catastrophe. But the best will in the world will not restrain a starving mob. We must decide that we have now not to punish but to help Austria-Hungary. We should let it be known that any state which honestly accepts the principle of self-determination—and only the Magyars now refuse to do so—has a right to sympathy and assistance. It is no real interest of ours, or the world's, or the Czechs themselves that they should continue to starve German-Austria after their blockade has achieved its political purpose. *Co-operation for peace, not confederation for war, is now the urgent need.* When, for the first time during four long years of war, the opportunity offers of doing something for life, the dead must be left to bury their dead.

THE MEANING OF "FREEDOM OF THE SEAS."

A SEMI-OFFICIAL Note has declared that none of the Allied Governments accept the "Freedom of the Seas" in the sense in which Germany interprets that phrase, whatever that may be. It is more important to discover whether they accept the words in the sense in which President Wilson understands them. President Wilson has not yet been at pains

to expand his famous formula, and it is possible that our Ministers scarcely realize its place in the whole fabric of ideas which makes the conception of a League of Nations. The consequences of divergent views in this matter may be serious. America is very much in earnest over her sea-policy. The enemy, who has asked for peace on the basis of the Fourteen Points, and agreed on that basis to evacuate the occupied territories and surrender his "pawns," will certainly ask whether the actual lines of the settlement in its naval, colonial, and economic chapters are in agreement with Mr. Wilson's charter. But we cannot accept all the "points" which tell against Germany, while rejecting the one or two points which assure her people a tolerable future. We are not sure that Mr. Wilson, from the standpoint of conciliating British opposition, chose the easiest wording for his naval "point." It runs as follows:—

"Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

There is much virtue in this "exception," but the unfamiliar reader may not at once realize how large its import is. Let us turn the doctrine round, experimentally, the other way:—

"The League of Nations will collectively use the rights of embargo and capture at sea for the enforcement of its covenants against any Power which violates them, but the right to interfere with innocent cargoes at sea is denied to a Power which wages war without the sanction of the League. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters is assured in peace."

That paraphrase conveys, we think, the exact meaning and the whole meaning of Mr. Wilson's points. If we are right in our interpretation, then the controversy can be narrowed to a single point. No one will dispute that the League of Nations must be prepared for the fullest exercise of sea-power against any disloyal and aggressive Power which violates its covenants. No one will dispute that the seas must be absolutely free in time of peace. What, then, is our position in regard to possible wars which may be undertaken by ourselves or others without the approval of the League—wars which are not coercive actions by the whole League against an aggressor?

There can be no final opinion on this question until the nature of the League of Nations itself, and the precise import of its covenants are known and defined. To us it seems that the settlement is being argued, chapter by chapter, with no reference whatever to this dominant organic principle. Our statesmen are deciding Colonial questions, and also, it seems, naval questions, on the assumption that the world for which they are preparing is going to be the old world that we have known—the old world minus the military power of Germany. She is "knocked out," and our dominion over the seas and the tropics will be on that account a little more complete and secure than it was. There is no readiness as yet to face the fact that we also must adapt ourselves to the new order. If that remains our final view, we may make the painful discovery that the American Republic will in the future be only a little less critical of our Imperialism and our navalism than she now is of German militarism. Let us then attempt, even at the risk of some tedious detail, to ascertain what are the cases in which our Government would claim, and Mr. Wilson's formula would deny the full exercise of our unlimited sea-power. The suggested Covenant of the League is now set out in various versions, all starting from the first fruitful draft of Lord Bryce's Committee. Between the British, the American, the French Socialist, and (so far as we know it) the Erzberger draft, there are only slight variations. All of them provide for the submission of all disputes to an international authority, whether Court or Council of Conciliation. All of them prescribe that until this authority has given its decision, and (as some wisely add) for a definite time thereafter, all warlike acts must be suspended. Obviously, then, the Power which uses force and

goes to war without observing these conditions, has broken the covenant of the League, outlawed itself, and exposed itself to all the penalties of the League. It may be lawfully opposed on sea or land by all the powers of the League, military, naval, and economic. The seas will be closed against it, and it will be lawful not only to capture its ships and their cargoes, but to maintain an absolute embargo on all its trade. No one, of course, contemplates that we can be the Power which tears up the covenant of the League. If we are involved at all, it will be by the action of our enemy. Here, then, there is no loss to our sea-power. We should use it to the utmost limit of humane action with the world's full assent. There would be no protest from neutrals as in this war, and instead of feeling our way gradually, we should from the first day of hostilities exert the full rights of capture, blockade, and embargo. The organization of the League appears, so far, to be a mechanism which increases the odds in our favour—on the assumption, of course, which all of us make, that a violation of the League's covenant by any British Government is unthinkable.

So far the application of Mr. Wilson's principle is simple. There are, however, other possible complications. Two Powers, neither of them ourselves, might both violate the covenant, and go to war disregarding it. In that case neither would have the right to capture enemy goods in neutral ships, mark off war-zones on the high seas, or enforce embargoes. There we gain. As the world's chief carriers we certainly do not wish to have our trade molested because two violent and faithless Powers have both broken the general covenant. We now come, however, to a really puzzling uncertainty in the scheme. The process of arbitration takes its course: the verdict is pronounced and the close time for hostilities passes. The verdict is not accepted by one or both parties: public opinion breaks down: mediation fails, and hostilities result. How does Mr. Wilson's principle apply here? On this difficulty the answers of the several schemes vary. Some (notably the French Socialists and, we think, Herr Erzberger) hold that the League must always be prepared to enforce the award of its own Court or Council. Others dread that responsibility. Others, again (notably the British scheme), suggest a middle course—that in case of such a breakdown, if peace is endangered, the Supreme Council of the League must meet to determine what action, if any, it will take. That is a vague formula, but it has its merits. The dispute may be trivial, the award itself debatable, the risk of serious war negligible. In such cases there may be no need of action. On the other hand, if the merits of the case are clear, the injury substantial, and war is really inevitable, then, if one disputant frankly accepts the award and the other does not, we hold decidedly that the League must act. At least it must in some way penalize the Power which defies the award. If Germany (let us say) after a dispute with (say) Portugal over an African question, were to refuse the award which Portugal accepts, and then declare war on Portugal, the League would break up unless it sharply discriminated against the aggressor. In such a case it must at least close the seas to the aggressive Power, refuse it the exercise of the right of capture, and allow to the innocent Power and its friends the widest use of naval resources.

Here we are interpreting a code as yet unwritten, and we make no pretence of divining Mr. Wilson's thought. Our argument is for a recognition of his principle. The principle in itself is sound. The details have yet to be worked out. We should vote for a "Second Reading," so to say, of this disputed Point II., and then prepare to amend it, if necessary, in Committee. The general position we take to be this. Mr. Wilson has moved away from the traditional view of Benjamin Franklin and Richard Cobden, that capture at sea and the blockade of an enemy's coasts are uncivilized procedures. They are, on the contrary, necessary and justifiable procedures when they are used in the cause of civilization, with the sanction of civilization, against a Power which has violated the written charters and covenants of civilization. If that is true, however, it is equally true that in selfish wars, wars inaugurated by

violent statecraft by egoist Powers for no common good, they impose a burden on innocent neutrals which is intolerable. To that general proposition we assent. Who indeed would venture to deny it? The problem is one of draftsmanship and prevision. We suspect that two such minds as Mr. Wilson and Lord Robert Cecil would reach agreement on the details in an afternoon's talk.

THE FALL OF LUDENDORFF.

THERE have been few events more significant in the war than the "resignation" of General von Ludendorff. There have been numerous changes in the command of all the armies of the field, and we are entitled to infer some grave reason for the removal of the supreme command of any army. Successful generals are not dismissed unless they have made themselves undesirable citizens. Von Moltke was set aside when the original plan failed. A theory died with von Falkenhayn. But with Ludendorff a phase and a spirit pass. For he was a typical Prussian general, and he had been more intimately associated with the Germany Army than any other soldier. Behind the scenes he was the army. In him was its hope. He was its expression, and policies failed which had not his countersign and approval.

Yet Ludendorff was not a great man, and it is improbable that history will rank him among the great generals. His career is a reminder of the triviality of human judgments, for he won his opportunity by his share in a minor operation, and his one incontestable victory was almost immediately counter-balanced by an almost equally gigantic defeat. He commanded his brigade at Liège at the outbreak of war, and took part in storming those weakly held spaces between the Brialmont forts. There was little scope for a mere brigadier in such an operation, and presumably he was selected as chief of staff to Hindenburg simply as a competent soldier who could well be spared. In East Prussia he had to defeat a much more numerous enemy who was already defeating himself. When Fear and Folly take the field, Competence comes to its own. While *Rennenkampf* fought with an eye over his shoulder towards Petrograd, and Samsonoff with both eyes fixed on Berlin, Ludendorff with his attention on the immediate foreground of the Masurian lakes, worked out his clever little plan, and all went well. He cleared East Prussia, and his fame was founded upon the impregnable rock of holy property. It is true that the army sent to pursue *Rennenkampf* to the Niemen came to grief. But von Schubert (Hindenburg's successor) was quietly lost, and by that time the great German and Austrian armies were strung out across Poland. It was Ludendorff who fought the Eastern campaign right up to the final attempt to cut off the armies east of Vilna. It was Ludendorff who, aided by incompetence and treachery at home, put Russia finally out of the fight. But apart from the first victory near Gorlice over the defenceless Russians, the strategy was obvious. General Dimitrieff has been criticized for his failure to construct supporting lines. But in point of fact, he had no *front* line. He had a numerous army armed with a third of a rifle per head and appropriate ammunition; and any strategy can win laurels against such opponents. It is in the broader lines of the campaign we see Ludendorff at his best, but it was a best that was never equal to that of the Russians. The victories in Russia were great achievements; but history will measure them against the resistance offered, and noting that the Russian armies, ill-equipped as they were, ever eluded the German grip, will not find in them any claim to military genius. The mere size of an effect is not the criterion of its greatness. The standards of the present war are all gigantic; but this does not constitute all the commanders giants.

The Roumanian campaign was a cleverer piece of work; but the detail was that of von Falkenhayn. Ludendorff by this time had become the virtual commander of all the German armies in the field, and he had to bear the brunt of the battle of the Somme and of the Allied offensive last year. It was he who determined

to make an end in the West by a huge offensive. Once more he was seizing upon a chance gratuitously offered him. The battle of March 21st was lost in Whitehall long before it was lost north of St. Quentin. Again Ludendorff achieved a great effect. Some critics suggest that if he had been right in trusting the assurances of his naval advisers who said there were practically no Americans in Europe he would have defeated the Allies. But to base plans upon a vast incapacity for criticizing one's own wishes is not generalship but unqualified folly. And the conduct of the campaign revealed Ludendorff's weakness in a pitiless light. He marched to Amiens; but with the prize before him, wavered. What a sigh of relief went up on the Allied side! He had still at least thirty divisions to use, but he carefully removed his thrust from the point he had most skilfully selected and threw the forces into another area so that the sensitive line before Amiens might heal and grow strong! This was one of the most colossal blunders in military history. It is quite possible that Ludendorff could not have won his goal by mere persistence before Amiens. But if it were to be won at all that was the place and the time. He failed because he has never had the general's vision. His only contribution to warfare is the purely Prussian contribution—exaggeration. He raised everything to the nth. Never was concentration so secret as his, never so great. Never was any accumulation of guns so great. He attempted to fly to victory on two wings: size and persistence. But whereas he always began with a superfluity he always ended with a dearth. And he persisted just up to the moment when persistence was about to bear fruit. Then he turned aside. He seems to have been the victim of the generalization that warfare is a science. He never rose above that fallacy. It is possible he merely became the slave of the mechanical side of war in which indeed he was a genius. He had a colossal mind for detail, and he had a gift for the salient facts of a situation. But he never possessed the capacity for making a leap in the dark.

And so there passes with him that limited Prussian military ideal of blood and iron. It is an apt description since the antithesis to intelligence is so well emphasized. It has had its day and the passing of Ludendorff is its curfew. It was Ludendorff who suggested an armistice, and then when he found his armies escaping one trap after another he wished to put his fortunes to the test. It is also stated that he objected to the subordination of the Army to the Reichstag. But he has gone, and whoever succeeds him there will be no new figure with a prestige comparable with his. He has had more to do with the shaping of the war than any other figure, but with one exception he has won no more than half-victories and he has brought his charge to complete defeat. He has never been more than a great Quartermaster-General. Falkenhayn in chief command with Ludendorff as assistant might have done great things. It has been Germany's misfortune that she had to depend for her executive command upon one who had only a colossal power for clerical work.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

WHAT is there in the world's history to compare with Mr. Wilson's power? One recalls the world-ways of Augustus,* and his greatest successors, and of the long line of European Emperors, Kings, and Conquerors. But here is a force which does not come from arms, and yet represents a world-sway greater than any of them. The President is not, I suppose, a deeply loved man. But as he is the most eminent intellectual power that America has ever produced in politics, so outside

* See Horace Ode IV. c. 14:—

"Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,
Medusque et Indus, te profugus Scythes,
Miratur, o, tutela præsens
Italæ, domineque Romæ."
&c., &c.

her borders he wields the widest moral force. During the last four weeks his word has been a kind of law to Europe, autocratic and democratic. Mean men, and violent but empty counsellors like Roosevelt and Lodge, seek to supplant him in his own land. But Germany and Austria would probably exchange him for their Kaisers to-morrow. Now and then one inclines to think that he moves a trifle too fast, or that his tone is a thought too hard. But the strokes of his pen are more potent than those of mailed fists, and hitherto he has not missed a blow. Of what President could it be said that the chance of a check to his policy in a Congressional election would be no mere local misadventure, but a world-calamity?

PEACE seems certain. A feather-headed press toils to stop it, and the "Times" pleads for another season of war, but their power is gone; and though there are men and women who would carry on war till wooden legs were the common wear for British boys, the tide sweeps the Never-Endians away. The great engine is reversed, and no power on earth can now direct it towards its old course. May it never again drive towards war! There are difficulties. France, one hears, is not easy. She has suffered greatly, and wonderful as are her soldiers and immortal as is her spirit of conquering defiance, she will not be easily drawn into the circle of the President's policy, and embrace its broad international conception. Here, too, there is opposition. I heard the other day of a virulent attack on Mr. Wilson by a Ministerial speaker of some force coupled with a demand for a Protectionist peace. But I doubt the ultimate strength of the reaction or the Prime Minister's adhesion to it. America holds the key to the peace; what she is unable to guarantee cannot stand, and her position is the stronger inasmuch as she asks nothing for herself. The rock immediately ahead will, I think, be the demand for crushing indemnities and for terms of armistice which, instead of sending the German host marching to Berlin as a revolutionary force, may stiffen it into a patriotic army of defence.

THE General Election is settled and unsettled every hour, but I find it now "provisionally" fixed either for late November or the first week in December. The act will be the Prime Minister's, and will be one of unblushing "political profiteering." No serious man approves; France is said to have made bitter protests; a true issue, an informed electorate, accurate registers, a serious or effective soldiers' vote (soldiers, it seems, are not to be allowed to speak on an electoral platform!), are all out of the question. But Mr. George will have a chance of the kind of plebiscitary mandate that he seeks. What his policy is, how he will commend it in the midst of the negotiations, and what allies he will seek or retain, all this is a Maze to which even his Familiars lack a clue. As for the country, it has not even begun to dress itself for an election, and though Mr. George's wardrobe is as various as a star-actor's, even he will find it difficult to pick from the litter of gilt and pasteboard. Is it to be the Helm of Mars or the Wings of the Angel of Peace? The Tory blue, or the Liberal buff, or Labor's red, or a coat of many colors made up of all the party emblems, and yet committing him to none? He is equally claimed for Protection and Free Trade, Home Rule and Coercion. At Manchester he talked like an ardent Liberal, panting to rejoin his lost comrades, and speak once more the lost language of Limehouse. Since then his walk has been more with the wirepullers of Toryism, while his Band talks a little haughtily to Asquithian Liberals, and hints at a union of "National Liberals" and "National Unionists" and a boycott of everybody else. One of these gentlemen informed a duly chosen Liberal candidate that unless he repudiated the Liberal Whip a Governmental man would oppose him! A movement of reunion and reconciliation starts from Manchester, and before Mr. Asquith even hears of it, it is given away by the Georgian Press.

INDEED it is not surprising that conciliation should halt when the conciliator appears in the person of Lord

Northcliffe, and the "Daily Mail" is waved as a banner of love over Mr. Asquith's head. I imagine the object of this manoeuvre was to signal the end of the Georgian "rapprochement." That must in any case be its effect. Mr. Asquith has suffered a thousand insults at Lord Northcliffe's hands. He was the instrument of the break-up of the Cabinet of 1916, was told its secrets, and gave them to the world as a signal for Mr. Asquith's resignation. Does his old colleague now select this man as the agent of a renewal of their association? I can hardly believe it, and I should assume that in that case Mr. George had already made his peace with Toryism, and simply desired to secure a Liberal refusal of overtures.

ONE thing the Liberal Party cannot do. It cannot disband itself. This is practically the demand made on it at the instance of the tame Georgians and those who would like to feed out of that never-empty hand. The Coalition is to be continued not for the war (which is practically over) but for the reconstruction. "No party government!" will be the cry. "No principles in politics!" is the meaning of that cry. Its day-by-day interpretation will be in the hands of those devotees of high thinking, the Northcliffe Press. Parliament will have nothing to do with such a Government, which will have two main supports. The first is the Power of Corruption; the second, the Power of Intimidation, exercised by the syndicated Press. That is the way England is to be made safe from democracy. If Liberalism succumbs to the lure or the threat, only one refuge will be left for honest men. That will be the Labor Party.

My Irish correspondent writes:—

"The heady news from Prague, Lemberg and Agram, will not pass without reaction on Irish affairs. The events of the last few weeks are engaging the whole of Nationalist Ireland in emulation of the newly hyphenated nationalities of East Europe. It sees with a jealous satisfaction one congeries of these peoples after another pass from a demand for autonomy to full self-determination. However aware it may be of an old national identity that lies behind these newly baptized Czecho-Slovaks and Yugo Slavs, it is more vividly conscious that Ireland taught Europe its letters in the sixth century, that it has left a distinct language and culture to the twentieth, that it maintained armies in the field until the eighteenth, and an unbroken resistance by arms or agitation to the present day. Friendless and broken by famine and plague it shared in the turbulence of 1848. To-day it is conscious of greater strength, and sees its ambition ratified alike by American principles and Austrian practice."

"The actual contrast it presents is piquant. A Czecho-Slovak Council in Paris is recognised as a belligerent government; national Councils sit in Prague and Lemberg; Liebknecht is free, and Ireland is without a national government; a political organisation which has the support of its people is proclaimed illegal; no political meeting may be held without the consent of the police and its leaders and elected representatives are deported and imprisoned without trial had or proposed. A military governor replaces a parliament; proclamations and a secret police control civil life. The picture that this presents to Europe will not be improved when a General Election has manifested the people's will and has returned a large proportion of these prisoners as representatives. There will be added a morsel of coloured detail to the consciousness of a Europe dedicated to righteousness or at the worst lynx-eyed for beams in neighbours' eyes."

I WAS interested to read in the "Times" a long and appreciative report, plentifully larded with cheers, of Lord Northcliffe's speech to the American officers and others in the Washington Hut. The cheers may have been spiritually present to the ear of Lord Northcliffe. They were not quite so audible to the American officers. They, I am told, sat silent and utterly disconcerted. They disliked their compulsory attendance on Lord Northcliffe's abuse of Lord Milner, and they took no stock at all in the pretentious verbiage which Lord Northcliffe called his peace terms. At its close

many of them left the room, not concealing their sentiments.

THE death of Miss Meresia Nevill brings to mind many memories of the famous drawing-room in Charles Street when she and her mother were the kind hostesses of many very different guests. Their association was almost as quaint as their company. Lady Dorothy and she lived, I am sure, in the most constant affection. But there never were two characters so unlike. There was nothing in face or figure to suggest mother and daughter. Miss Meresia was trim and neat and small; Lady Dorothy was also small, but she looked as if she had dropped rather late in life from elfland, and Miss Meresia had been told to look after her and see that she came to no serious harm. The daughter was very amiable but very conservative and very strict; the mother was kindness itself, but not at all conservative (except about land) and not strict about anything save an abhorrence of dull people. However, the contrast was only pleasant, and I am sure Lady Dorothy took an extraordinary delight in it and in its occasionally disconcerting effect on her guests.

To Alpha of the Plough:—

"Thus, my dear Alpha, you stride, as you speed the slow plough through the furrow,

Or by your sheep-cote sit, hearing the hum of the bee,
While, by the banks of the Thames; I list for the drone
of the Gotha,

Or, 'neath the Georgian yoke, drive the implacable quill."

THE following letter of remonstrance reaches me, over the unfamiliar signature of "Bleating and Merton":—

"As an ex-colonial Governor, of some sixty years' experience, I feel I must make a spirited protest against the insidious pacificism of Colonel Trimming Snorter's letter, quoted by 'Wayfarer.' It was in Lower Bangalore, early in the fifties, that I first met this distinguished Officer, and, let me remark, a smarter young subaltern, never trod a parade ground, so that I was deeply shocked to notice in my old friend's letter, no suggestion of what I consider imperative, i.e., that we should refuse to accept the impending abdication of the Kaiser. Thus far we have steadfastly refused to accept anything, and I must own as an ex-colonial of some seventy years' standing, that it was with great misgiving that I saw our principles, the very cause for which we have laid down our lives, beginning to falter, in that we have accepted the unconditional surrender of Bulgaria."

"I, for one, would rather see the sun go down on this great Empire, than that our nerveless hands should drop the sceptre."

"If, as some of our scientists tell us, the dead are nearer to us in the spirit than they were in the flesh, have we a right to deprive the young of the benefits of such a close companionship with us? I, for one, think not."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"O LOVELY PEACE!"

"O LOVELY Peace, with plenty crowned," so, if we remember right, a beautiful air in one of Handel's oratorios begins. And, certainly, no one will sing that salutation with more enthusiasm than we. For, indeed, the very thought of peace, after the nightmare of the last four years, is like the dayspring from on high. And yet it is not certain that the approaching peace will be crowned with plenty. No matter what the best-laid plans of the Ministry of Reconstruction may enact, the return of peace will necessarily be followed by years of questioning, change and upheaval before the new order of life can emerge, and to the millions who will be involved in that turbulent transformation peace will not at once bear a lovely appearance.

We are not thinking of those who have cherished the war for its own sake, and whose lamentation is heard in the "Cambridge Magazine's" poet:—

"They are taking away My War!

Now, just as it was becoming most beautiful to me and precious.

It cannot end now! It is not finished!"

We are not thinking of those who have made an æsthetic habit of war, and will regret the radiant shafts of cubist searchlights, and the "half-tones" of London evenings under the shaded lamps. Nor of those whose occupation of shifting little flags upon the maps and expounding strategy upon the marble-topped tables of the clubs will soon be gone. Nor, again, of the many who have gathered into banks the rich harvest of death, and now can but repose upon their accumulated store. We are thinking rather of the thousand officials who will miss the salutes in Parliament Street, will miss the martial garb of belted tunic, sparkling leggings, and riding-breeches that never touched a horse; will miss the office table, piled with assorted documents in wire trays, and the companionable lunch, so like a mess upon the ensanguined field. But, above all, we are thinking of the thousands of men and the innumerable women who have toiled for years in munition sheds, engineer shops, aeroplane factories, dockyards, and mills, have enjoyed something more than a living wage, and for the first time known what sufficiency and even pleasure mean. Their occupation also will be gone, though no pomp and circumstance attended it; and to them also peace will bring no plenty, nor will she at once wear a lovely look.

But, whether Peace appear lovely and plentiful or poverty-stricken and sordid, everyone, except the profiteers and some fugitive and cloistered philosophers, now agrees that no such disaster as the war has befallen Europe since the barbarian invasions. Death and destruction being the sole method of war, every war is in its nature terrible, and no Hague Conventions can ever make war gentle and sweet. But in no other war has the youth of Europe been so deeply involved in death, and in no other have famine and desolation spread so far, or so many beautiful cities and homes been destroyed. All admit that now. And yet, if this is to be the last of wars, the next generation, or the next but one, will have to stand alert against two dangers which seem deeply inherent in the mind. We have spoken once before of the glamor which time sheds over wars, as indeed over all the past. Even over love-scenes time throws a heightened lustre, and the lover forgets the discomforts, the heat or cold, the hunger or thirst, the gnats or piercing wind, all the temporal cares of the occasion. Much more does memory play tricks with war, and most journalists, historians, artists, and survivors, not to mention the censorship, do their utmost to increase the natural glamor of memory. In fifty years' time the young will listen to the hoary occupants of club armchairs as they descant upon the glories of the great war when they themselves were young. "Ah, those were grand times, my boy!" we can hear the imaginative veterans repeating; "Glorious times indeed! when we never knew from day to day on what stunt (that was then the common word)—on what stunt we might be sent, or whether by the evening we should be alive or dead. We thought nothing of the mud and dust and frost and lice. Hardship was forgotten in the splendid moment when zero came, and we rushed over the top, followed the roaring barrage, and plunged our bayonets into the soft of Huns. Spacious times, too, we may call those years of the Fifth George, our noble king! No dull routine, no narrow horizon then! Why, the merest working-man could see Baghdad for nothing! Baghdad, Jerusalem, Cairo, Athens, Salonika, Aleppo, and God knows what! With good luck, he could visit them all."

So romantic age will talk, illuminating memory's page with lights that never were. Nor will clubs and drawing-rooms alone be the studios of that glamor. In every farmhouse, laborer's cottage, and workman's dwelling throughout the country, stories of strange lands, high adventure, and deeds of prowess will spread and grow. Stories also of high wages, plentiful food, sufficient clothing, and the joys of cinema and music-hall. Boys and girls will listen to the enchanting

tale, and will conclude that peace has its drawbacks no less pronounced than war.

Closely allied to the peril of this imaginative glamor is the second human quality which induces war. As the model prig in Mr. H. G. Wells's latest book observes, "War tempts imaginative, restless people, and a stagnant peace bores them." The speaker supposes that, in a world of perpetual peace, "The Old Experimenter" (apparently a new name for the Deity) would quit his office and interfere, because "Man cannot stagnate." Stagnation is not admissible in that "Great Game" which the admirable young man identified with life. Certainly it is true, as Schopenhauer long ago maintained, that man is always oscillating between toil and ease, and that pain drives him to ease until boredom drives him back to toil. Or, as the old catch said, "War bringeth poverty, poverty peace"; peace in its turn brings plenty, plenty brings war, and so the world proceeds upon its dismal-go-round. That is all very well, and the novelist's Peter might frighten us with the bogey of boredom, if there were the smallest danger of stagnation after peace. But there is no need to fear. Ask the Ministry of Reconstruction if they contemplate a period of stagnating prosperity and fatty degeneration! We need not again recall the well-worn line about the victories of peace; but let us not forget the much less familiar words that follow: "New foes arise, Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains." By an assured foreboding, we all know who those foes will be. Those who will seek to maintain the militarism now established in this country; who will seek to continue conscription in permanence, to install the present bureaucracy at its desks for ever, and to enslave the personal soul and conscience to "that cold-hearted monster, the State."

But to ordinary people who enjoy no special advantages of profiteers or prigs, the approach of peace brings an inexpressible and unhesitating relief. Habits have been formed, and the country has grown accustomed to the state of war; but with what delight we shall shake off habits and defy that monster, custom! Earth will again lie open to the sky, and the sun and air be again admitted to the poisoned ground where tents and hospitals once stood. Even the huts and domiciles of "Cuthbert" will in course of time moulder and disappear, leaving not a wrack behind. Again the energies of an inventive people will be turned to labor whose purpose is no longer death, but, in some sort, a fullness of life; for else it would not be attempted. We may hardly speak of death's cloud, soon to be riven and lifted at last. Callous as some have shown themselves to the million deaths of others whose lives were at least as precious as their own; dull as have been the minds that from a distance could contemplate war as a fascinating game, we would gladly give the dullest and most callous the credit of feeling some relief. But upon those who know what war means, the chance of war's cessation bestows a radiant joy, almost too radiant, too incalculable to be realized. Is it possible that an end is really coming to all those hideous forms of death—those severed heads and limbs, protruding bowels, hearts and lungs and stomachs transfixed by long and two-edged knives, faces blown off, eyes torn out, the breathing stopped, the skin scorched and peeled like onion skins burnt brown? Is it possible that those thousands of prisoners may now return alive, and that such boys as still survive may now live on into maturity without perpetual fear? No commonplace of consolation can alleviate the sorrow for the dead, so early thwarted of existence; but, none the less, the world will now breathe more freely again, as though awakened from a heavy and torturing dream. How best shall we celebrate so radiant a transformation, so unimaginable a joy? Many splendid means suggest themselves. But just to give the variegated life of the future a good start, and to show that peace does not necessarily involve the boredom of stagnation, we would humbly propose that, on the first day of peace, our readers will join up in a procession to burn D.O.R.A. under whatever form of effigy may seem most appropriate for that lady, then obsolete and pernicious.

HOW FAR CAN GERMANY PAY FOR THE WAR?

THE demand for a huge indemnity to be exacted from conquered Germany makes a powerful appeal to the sense of justice in those who rightly hold Germany responsible for the war. The guilty party, we feel, should make full reparation for all the damage done, and in addition should suffer a penalty for his guilt. If some vindictiveness get mixed up with the demand for justice, that cannot be helped. The ordinary sense of fairness in the Man-in-the-street is represented in the demand that Germany should pay for the war. When Germany beat France in the 1870 war, she took a sum of money which covered twice over her "out-of-pocket" expenses. She has now conducted a second and more wanton invasion, inflicting widespread ruin. Why should she escape now that the tables are turned on her?

In considering this question, the first vital distinction arises in respect of the term reparation. Everyone recognizes, for example, that the material restoration of Belgium has a separate and a prior claim to anything that would be called indemnity. Following that would come the claim for the rebuilding of the destroyed towns and villages in France and Serbia, and for such other local reparation as was possible. This claim might be met, and handsomely met, and so long as we keep it within reason and on the basis of reparation, Germany will have nothing to say. But large as such a reparation fund must be, especially in respect of the French occupation, it would form only a small proportion of the total cost of the war to the Allies. Those who would insist upon the satisfaction of the complete claims of justice are confronted at the outset by the fact that what they are demanding is impossible. Any war indemnity which should even approach the aggregate expenditure of the Allies would be a sum far exceeding the total value of the attainable wealth of Germany. Consider the matter as a business proposition, Germany is no doubt a country with some very rich natural resources. A recent article in the "Fortnightly Review" estimates that

"the Rhenish-Westphalian coalfield alone contains considerably more coal than the whole of the United Kingdom, and that the coal in that district represents a value of £1,067,830,000,000 at the low average price of 10s. per ton at the pit's mouth."

Not only were Germany's pre-war coal and iron resources greater than those of any other country in Europe, but the configuration of her country and its natural and artificial communications and its central position are great elements of economic strength. Add to these natural advantages the labor and ability of a large, well-educated, and industrious people, better organized for wealth-production than any other, and we seem to have a *prima facie* case for the possibility of exacting a very great war indemnity.

But difficulties arise when we look beneath these large general considerations. Take, for example, that majestic figure for the coal values. What does it amount to for the practical purpose of an indemnity? This coal can only be got out and made available piecemeal. The total German output for 1910 amounted to a little over 150 million tons, or a value of £75,000,000 at 10s. per ton. Most of this value would be absorbed in labor and capital expenses. Only a few millions of surplus rents or profits could possibly be attached for an indemnity. The same reasoning applies to the other industries of Germany. Unless we broke up Germany and took away rich provinces with their natural resources and their labor power, we could not utilize any of the capital values for the purpose of indemnities, and even so, we should only realize the annual yield. In other words, the economic limit for the payment of an indemnity is the surplus annual income above and beyond what must be expended for maintaining the labor and capital engaged in producing it. Theoretically, the whole of the economic rents and excess profits of German agriculture, manufacture, commerce and finance, might be taken from the German landowners and profiteers and handed over to the Allies as indemnity. How much would this amount

to if it could be got? A few hundred millions per annum, enough perhaps to accomplish the material restoration of Belgium and of parts of France, if the process of extraction were extended over a spell of years.

But could even this limited indemnity be got without grave perils to the economic interests and social order of Europe? Any large indemnity imposed on Germany would remove the income otherwise available by taxation for the payment of interest upon Germany's internal war debts. It would bring repudiation and the ruin of the whole financial system of the country. For no system of inflation and internal loans could long stave off disaster. Even if the Allies, for the sake of their indemnity, guaranteed Germany the payment for her necessary imports of materials and foods, the shock to her internal system of industry and commerce would sooner or later precipitate a revolution. Now a revolution, accompanied by financial bankruptcy and industrial anarchy, would not give us either security or indemnity.

But apart from this, the methods of payment of an indemnity involve economic consequences fraught with danger to the recipients. If anarchy in Germany could be avoided, the Allies might be prepared to bleed Germany white by a process of indemnity which would keep her poor and so prevent her from fresh expenditure on arms. This apparently is the desire of those who disbelieve in a League of Nations and disarmament. Their object could only be accomplished by maintaining for a generation an Allied Army of Occupation in Germany, backed up by the retention of Conscription in their countries as a precautionary measure against the peril of the smouldering revenge kept alive in the German nation by their punitive policy, and watching its opportunity to sow dissension among the Allies. There could be in such a policy no alleviation of the burdens of militarism for our peoples, and any diminution which such an indemnity could secure in the costs of meeting our war debts would be compensated by the swelling expenses of this lasting militarism. The reality of autocratic government would be firmly fastened on the necks of our people, whatever forms of democratic rule survived. In the stress of such a situation no great work of social reconstruction could be undertaken. For the force continuously imposed on Germany would inevitably react upon our own institutions, economic as well as political. No liberty could live in such a world. There are, of course, powerful sections in each democratic nation to which such arguments could make no appeal. They stand for authority and not for liberty. But there is one inevitable implication of indemnities which would speedily come home to the business overlords, the masters of commerce and finance in this and other Allied countries. Suppose a great yearly indemnity to be exacted from Germany, in what shape will it be paid, and what must be the consequences of its payment? Not even the imagination of an Australian statesman can visualize it in a flow of golden sovereigns. For the gold of Germany, even if we took it all, would be a paltry contribution towards such an indemnity as we are considering. The indemnity must take corporeal shape in a flood of German goods or other foreign goods for which German goods have been substituted, entering our markets and disorganizing all our trade arrangements. The very men who shout loudest for indemnities would be the first to cry out against the biggest and most dangerous form of "dumping" that the world had ever witnessed, continuing year after year until all those British trades brought into competition with its flow were smothered and extinguished. There are, no doubt, people who imagine that, by some miraculously forcible and skilful control, we could compel Germany to pay in coal, such iron ores as were left to her, in potash, timber, and other raw materials, starving her industries for the benefit of ours. But apart from the risks and follies of such a permanent impoverishment of the German nation, the administration of such a policy would soon be found impossible. The profits of these business enterprises, conducted by foreign supervisors upon German soil, would secretly shrivel in such an attempt to divert them to external appropriation.

Such modern experience as is afforded by the French

indemnity following the war of 1870 shows that an indemnity, whether regarded as a compensation to the winner or a penalty to the loser, is of dubious utility. The swift, unchecked sudden rush of money and of goods into Germany undoubtedly contributed to the great financial and commercial collapse of 1873 and the period of deep depression that ensued. This is the natural and necessary result of the business operation. The nation that has to pay is stimulated to great industrial energy during the period of payment; the nation that receives is correspondingly depressed. There would be a slackening of industry, energy, and initiative in this country due to the pouring in of a large unearned income. For though the indemnity might be represented as bare payment for wealth produced and consumed in war processes, the gulf in time between this war expenditure and its repayment by the beaten nation would give it the economic effect of a huge continuous bounty. It would not be ordinary "dumping," for even dumped goods have to be paid for by exports of our own goods. There would be no compulsory export trade for these goods dumped from Germany upon our shores. All the satisfaction we should get would be the knowledge that Germany was being impoverished, without our being enriched to a corresponding degree. We do not contend that a long, slow, continuous payment might not in theory be so contrived as to avert the damaging reactions on our own trade. But in practice such a regulation would be impossible.

On every ground, therefore, we hold it to be unwise to use a very high indemnity as an instrument for retarding the economic development of Germany after the war. If we want a world secure from war and war's alarms, we must put aside vengeance draped as justice. Is this magnanimity? Perhaps so. But history shows that magnanimity is not seldom the best policy.

A PRESS VIEW.

"The public might get some idea of the confidence it could repose in the modern newspaper if some representative pressmen were taken round, say, under the auspices of the National War Aims Committee, so that the public could see what the men are like who give us the news."—*Extract from a Correspondent's Letter.*

THERE again were the familiar vans of the fair. This was their first appearance on the green since the beginning of the war. One huge van was specially notable. Its gilded scroll work was richer and more elaborate than anything the villagers had ever seen. It might have been the State pantechnicon of a royal house. Courts, when seeking quieter pitches in distant lands where the climate was more settled, and awkward war was not likely to blunder into the props of society, would gladly have hired it. The only thing against it was that you could see it coming. The villagers saw this one coming a long way off, and they stood in a great crowd curious and expectant, scanning the symbols that decorated the van, which was drawn by six elephants; and those huge creatures were trembling both with fear and their labors, leaning against each other for support, and shaking their heads dismally.

Surmounting the van was a coronetted megaphone, moved by clockwork, so that it turned by degrees to all points of the compass, blaring at each momentary pause a new cry of alarm (as though it were sentient and really thought for itself each time) like: "Fire!" "Out Him!" "Mad Dog!" "Spotted Fever!" "Haldane!" "Black Book!" "Peace Trap!" "We are lost!" "Bolshevik!" "Infantile Paralysis!"

From inside the van a noise, which began with a low complaining moan, presently rose to a long scream of alarm, so that the elephants, if they had not been already shackled, would have broken loose.

"It's a menagerie," said an onlooker, filling his pipe. "That be a girt beast making that noise. I'd like to see 'im."

When that deafening screaming ceased another noise was heard, and presently it shaped into a sort of English, making the crowd outside draw nearer to the

van, and turn their incredulous ears to catch what this was. The noise became a sonorous haunting, and quite distinctly the listeners heard the uplifted voice declaim: "Our gal-lant lads, in this French land where plumed English knights were once almost as romantic as I feel now, were approaching that enormous wall of belching smoke and lurid explosions, covered with mud and blood, but still singing, just as when I myself first watched them go bravely to death as many years ago as I can make it spin out, with young laughing eyes and merry voices, while the golden sunlight gleamed on their steel helmets. A queer lump rose to my throat as I watched this strange scene of battle . . ."

"Gord's truth!" suddenly cried an elderly soldier with four blue chevrons and two wound stripes, clutching those nearest to him, "that's a war correspondent." He turned and began running at high speed back across the fields.

It was then that a door opened in the caravan, and a remarkable figure appeared. It looked like Father Time, but his hour-glass was broken and the measuring sand was gone. Instead of a scythe, he carried an empty sack. He took no notice of the multitude, but appeared to contemplate a secret joke. His old beard shook with mirth.

"Hullo!" he said, when at last he became aware of the gaping multitude: "Still hanging about waiting to hear what the insiders have to say?" His eyes twinkled, and he began to chuckle to himself. "Well, come along! Walk up, walk up! Here's your only chance! Walk up, walk up! Do come and see 'em. If you'd like to know where your nourishing morning wisdom comes from, here you are!" As he said it, there was a great outburst of varied protesting noises behind him. The old fellow turned, and shook the sack about within the door. The noise subsided, and the old man entered, still chuckling, followed by the crowd.

The caravan had a central corridor with cages on either hand. In the first cage an elegant man of the new military age was pacing up and down smoking a cigar. He paused occasionally to regard the red end of it, as though it were a conundrum. His face then had the expression of a deep thinker wearing tight boots. Though the audience regarded him seriously, the face of Time, watching the man in the cage, continued to look as though there were something amusing about it all. "Right!" presently decided aloud the man with the cigar; "as the Earl of Jones has bought the paper, that means the war must go on to the last man." He flicked the end off his cigar.

"Didn't want much thinking about," suggested Time.

The man in the cage turned austere to his interrupter, who smiled and made a slight movement with the sack. The man inside flushed and swore, and kicked the waste-paper basket savagely across his cage. Then he sat down, and made a motion as though he were sternly writing.

"There you are!" said Time, yawning. "But come along. That's only a mere Greater Editor. They used to be finer before they lost their manes. You may turn your back on him. Don't be nervous. He never does anything but tell other men to inform the Empire that it is founded on liberty, and then kick the basket when he is told to print something he doesn't like. He's kept because people expect a newspaper to have an editor about. I don't suppose he reads, or writes, or knows anything except his circulation and the train service between London and Clapham. This way."

They passed to the next cage. "Here," said Time, holding his hand before his smile, "you see something better." The audience instinctively removed their hats. "This is a fine specimen of the Brazen or Bellowing Blufferlo," said Time. "We're not afraid of losing him. We can't. He draws most of the audience, and he knows it. His consumption of hay is enormous. He was only discovered during this war."

In the cage was a figure which looked like a haughty strong man every time a photographer with him said, "Now, sir!" He kept trying on, in turns, a steel helmet, a gas-mask, and the casque of Minerva. When

the photographer gave the signal, the Blufferlo made the necessary attachments to his features, and cried, "I have been with the soldiers in the support trenches, which are more dangerous than the base"; or "You can take it from me that this rain means wet weather. I can't tell who told me so, but you can take it from me"; or, "The Cross will prevail against the Hun—I speak with deep humility—but you can take it from me the Cross is always a winner. God will not let evil get first past the tape." ("That will do, sir," said the photographer.)

It was with difficulty that Time could persuade his audience to move away from the Blufferlo to the next cage. Some were sobbing, and all looked serious, and crowded to press buns and nuts through the bars to the creature.

"And here," said Time, indicating a restless, sharp-eyed little animal in a neighboring cage, "is the Big-Eared Fungus Smeller. There is not a movement even in the drains but he hears it, not an escape of gas anywhere but he detects it. He is, in fact, the most sensitive animal for events in the show. He has been known to overlook the signs of a revolution, but his gift for knowing when the latest society beauty changes the fashion in garters is like second sight. The show couldn't do without him; but if you are interested in his habits, you will find them all transmitted in the flavor of your favourite print. Let it go at that."

The audience let it go at that, and passed on readily enough to the adjoining compartment, where the inmate stood waiting for them at the bars. "This," said Time, "is the Small or House Reporter, sometimes known as the Great Correspondent—it all depends on what he is doing—and though thought to be well known, not many have ever recognized him."

"That's right, Time," said the figure behind the bars, adjusting its spectacles. "And how's the Greater Editor? Has he eaten the sack out of your hands yet? And, look here, if you don't move that Fungus Smeller from the next cage, please move me. I can't stand it. A living is all very well—and a poor one it is, too—but I'm sick of the Daily Toadstool. Are you sure the public want it?"

"Ask them," said Time; "I've brought the public along to look at you."

"Got any buns for me?" demanded the figure in spectacles, putting his hand through the bars.

"Don't be silly," said Time, passing on; "you know very well the Blufferlo gets all the buns."

"Then the public deserves all that's coming to it," cried the specimen behind the bars, struggling to get out of its cage. It began hooting viciously at the spectators, who drew back, surprised.

"That's right," said Time, "but there's nothing coming to you except the work the public wants—or a match-tray, if you don't like the other."

The public laughed aloud at this, seeing at last an amusing side to the show, and one man flung a nut at the angry exhibit, stinging its face.

Time stopped again, this time before a very large cage. "Here we have to keep a lot of them together," said Time. "That pale, placid-looking chap in goggles, sitting in a corner with a heap of trash round him, is the Night, or Lesser Editor. They don't live long. They are forced to consume all the rubbish the telegraph accumulates during the day, and they have to do it without a single change of expression. He's eating a long divorce case now. He feels queer, but you wouldn't know it. Training and kindness, you know—and this." Time held up the sacking. The little animals nearest the bars fled instantly, but the Lesser Editor only looked up at the movement with a bored indifference which seemed past any feeling, and continued chewing industriously.

"It took us a long time to train him to do that sort of thing continuously, so probably the poison in his system is about to work. As soon as they get used to it, they die. All that swarm about him, helping him to clear up the refuse, are Snubs. They grow into Lesser Editors, if they live long enough. That one you observe examining with a lens the map of New Zealand is the

Foreign Editor. He is probably looking there for Tcheko-Slovakia. We have to import that exotic variety at great expense from the land of Toutin Bec."

At that moment a horrible snarling broke out at the other end of the corridor, and there were sounds of a deadly struggle. Most fled from the caravan, but a few ran to see the fight. A plucky example of the Little Kritick, though in poor condition, had attacked a huge Pachydermatous Advertizer, which was trampling round the cage, snorting with rage and fear, with the Kritick hanging obstinately to its long snout.

While everybody was looking anxiously to Time for help, a telephone bell rang, and an immense silence fell on the whole caravan. The fight ceased, and most of the animals fled into their dark recesses, and lay still. There was a whisper, "It's the Showman."

Time answered the telephone, and presently came away with a grim smile, put the Kritick in the sack with a brick, and went out with it.

Letters to the Editor.

THE SPEECH OF MR. BALFOUR.

SIR,—An article is often paid for at so much a word, and the writer seldom knows how much until he gets his cheque. Similarly, the speech of a statesman may be worked out in the lives of men and the misery of women and children; but here the comparison ends, for the speaker never knows what his speech has cost the world. Every word of a foolish or insincere speech may cost the world a thousand lives and a generation of sorrow. It is no doubt because of this that you have protested so often against the levity of many ministerial utterances during the war. It is because of this that a protest ought to be made against speeches the effect of which can only tend to lengthen the war, or to ensure much bitterness at the settlement.

This week's incident is Mr. Balfour's speech at the Savoy Hotel. It is not necessary to believe that Mr. Balfour is essentially bad; but to understand his speech it is necessary to believe something about him; and the most charitable thing to do is to believe that he knows not what he does. For if anything were needed to convince the Germans that our war aims were imperialistic and our motives unrighteous, it is the tone of Mr. Balfour's speech and his specific statement that their Colonies shall never be returned to them. This specific statement was backed up by Sir Joseph Cook's statement that they will never be given up. Thus the British Empire, which never went into the War for gain, may find itself in the same case as many business men, who expected ruin when War broke out, but who subsequently found it otherwise. This strikes at the root of one of President Wilson's 14 points, and will do more than anything else to drive moderate Germans, even the Independent Socialists, to make common cause with such forces in Germany as will resist a peace of violence. Conditions of Armistice framed so as to safeguard the carrying out of President Wilson's programme are one thing; conditions of armistice framed in order to guarantee the dictation to Germany of terms of peace absolutely at variance with that programme are another thing. Mr. Balfour's speech will help to convince Germany that our so-called "granite guarantees" are but a means of carrying out imperialistic and predatory aims.

As for the main drift of his speech, it is marked by a complete inability to see things as others see them. His idea seems to be to guarantee the unity, the safety and the security of the British Empire by vetoing the Colonial expansion of other Powers. He does not realise that the British Empire, with its powerful Navy and its grip upon the sea communications of the whole world, is a menace to any power that might dream of building up an Empire as beneficent and as imperial as Mr. Balfour's conception of the British Empire. This spirit helped to start the War, and will be the cause of future Wars. Apparently Mr. Balfour is not prepared to entrust the safety and security of the British Empire to the League of Nations. He still clings to the old policy of superior force. If the Government is of the same frame of mind, then the Imperialist will have won the War and the people will have lost it.—Yours, &c.,

EDGAR J. LANSBURY.

"WHAT TO DO WITH BULGARIA."

SIR,—A correspondent, Mr. Yovan Tanovitch, in to-day's issue of THE NATION states: "Macedonia is Serbian land, Ochrida, Prilep, and Skopje are to the Serbian people what Canterbury, &c., are to the British."

Are they? In the spring of 1904 I lived for rather over three months in Ochrida superintending a hospital for Slav peasants who had been wounded in a revolution which they had made for the purpose of being united with Bulgaria. They

called themselves Bulgar, and their aspirations were Bulgar. The majority of the Christian villages both in that neighborhood and around Resna and Monastir had been burnt and pillaged by the Turks because their inhabitants also had all revolted. The bands of revolutionaries all, when possible, took shelter not in Serbia but in Bulgaria. This is only fourteen years ago.

At this time I was learning Serbian, and tried to buy Serb books in Monastir but could find only very elementary school-books because the Serb propaganda was then in its infancy. At Ochrida a Serbian schoolmaster, one George Tassitch from Serbia proper, was struggling to run a Serbian school. On the feast of St. Slava, February, 1904, I was invited to a little party given at the schoolhouse, and all the Serbs of the town were said to be present to celebrate the Slava. We were photographed in a group which included the Serb schoolmaster and his family and all the schoolchildren and myself, consisting of about fifty people. This photograph is now in the possession of Mr. Noel Buxton, and remains as a striking piece of evidence.

In 1913 I again visited Ochrida. It was a melancholy spectacle, and looked like a crushed rather than a liberated town. The large Bulgar school, the biggest building in the place, was closed. Forcible Serbizing appeared to be the order of the day. When, may I ask, has Canterbury ever revolted in order to belong, say, to France, and had to be conquered and have its French schools closed, its French priests dismissed? The comparison is ludicrous. A just comparison would be Calais. If we now, having got into Calais, insist on staying there, on making the population learn English and adopt the English Church the case would be similar. We lost Calais many centuries ago. The Serbs lost Ochrida. Neither of us have any claim. Next to the Bulgars the claim of the Albanians certainly comes. The writer referred to Rizov as Bulgarian Minister to the Court of Berlin. Reznov, whom I know, is most enthusiastically Bulgar. He comes from Resna, not far from Ochrida. Is in fact a Macedonian Bulgar. Had Serb propaganda begun a hundred years ago it is possible that the Slav population would have been Serbized. It owes, however, its entire education to Bulgaria. The dialect spoken is not that of Serbia. And the physical type is certainly more Bulgar than a Serb. Rizov is a typical Bulgar.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

HATE AS A POLICY.

SIR,—Since my return from the French front three months ago I have realized that one of the biggest barriers to immediate and lasting peace is the sentimental mist of hate in which we are living in England now. This atmosphere does not exist on the western front, except, at the worst, in small and very rarefied patches. Hence soldiers of all ranks are enabled to see things in their true proportions, including the problems of peace.

So far I have seen no attempt to remove this barrier by reducing "hate" to its own illogical ruins. If the Germans are really the diabolical fiends we are told they are, how will human hate deal with such a deep and difficult moral problem? Do the records of Lord Northcliffe's press—and the haters generally reveal such a stability and unswerving purpose that they can be trusted to rid us of Anti-Christ—a difficult and ubiquitous gentleman? Is fifty years of total boycott a sufficient punishment for him? If it be, another difficulty emerges. Can human hate sustain the strain of half a century's boycott—memory being so notoriously short?

I submit that it should be pointed out that anything like a revenge rooted in the uncertain soil of the transient emotion of hate is neither terrible nor awful enough for these "brutes." We want a more certain foundation in human nature than emotion on which to base our revenge—if that revenge is to be steady, purposeful, and reformative.

Or we might be much more thorough, and take our hate to its own bitter conclusions. This roughly would appear to issue in the spread of ruin and desolation throughout the length and breadth of Germany until every home is laid waste. Why the haters stop short of the total annihilation of these "pests" is, as far as I know, unexplained. But, at any rate, we can give this hate (unhampered by fifty years' time limit) this much: that it seems a much bigger and saner way of dealing with "Anti-Christ."

But if this be done we are not told what the effect, on those who execute it, will be. How far removed (morally) would they be from the "Anti-Christ" they set out to destroy? The net result seems to be that at best one criminal replaces another, or, at worst, in setting out to destroy one criminal—two finally remain!

Sir A. Quiller-Couch has worked this out in his story, "Foe-Farrell," the conclusion of which is to show that hatred carried out in a purposeful way simply involves both hater and hated in ruin.

Hate as a policy is either inadequate to deal with the crimes (real and invented) of our enemies, or, if adequate, so recoils on the hater that he himself becomes ruined as a moral agent. It is high time we challenged this policy of hate and exposed its bankruptcy as a purifying power, making for final and clean peace. For it may only be an instrument to prolong the war in the sordid interests and selfish dividends of never-ending profiteers.—Yours, &c.,

G. JARVIS SMITH, M.C.
(Late Chaplain to the Forces).

106, Wellmeadow Road, S.E.6.

PELMANISM *versus* MILITARISM.

By ARTHUR F. THORN,

Author of "Richard Jefferies and Civilisation," "Social Satires," etc.

In common with the gift of life, humanity has been endowed with Mind, and within the circle of these two gifts, liberty and happiness are not merely idealistic possibilities, but the natural heritage and birthright of every individual, irrespective of social status or economic class distinctions. Each individual possesses the right to live and think; to preserve a reasonable freedom within the social system and to secure a maximum of happiness which does not depend for its existence upon the enforced misery and slavery of others.

There is nothing new either in tyranny or in its resultant moral degradation. The peoples of the world have always suffered more or less from the unnatural repression of individual initiative and personal freedom, but although the exploiters of human credulity and ignorance are deserving of blame for taking advantage of the unthinking majority, there is legitimate ground for an indictment of the masses from the standpoint of their obstinate antipathy to thought. If the latter were less credulous and more analytical mentally; if they would weigh human motives and social values in the scales of intelligence, then the exploiters of mankind would be quite unable to wreck the lives and happiness of millions of simple and unsuspecting people as they are doing to-day with such impunity and success.

The miseries and almost unrealizable horrors of war, to say nothing of the inevitable slavery of mind and body which must accompany the military organization of brute force for slaughter, all these evil things spring from one condition—a condition of mental inactivity; they are born of our failure to appreciate the power of thought. The positive evils of Militarism, as they exist almost universally to-day, should make obvious to us all the ultimate outcome of credulous, undeveloped minds and unawakened imaginations. These subversive things which are to-day magnified to the point of insanity by universal war do prove in a most terrible fashion the price that a non-thinking and unreasoning humanity must pay for its mental defects and inefficiencies.

For neglecting the faculty of thought, humanity to-day is suffering indescribable tortures of body and mind which might quite easily have been prevented by the exercise of reason and intelligence. It is not, as many suppose, a racial problem, it is a problem of the universal mind of man. It is not entirely a question of the mental defects of any particular class or nationality, it is a problem involving humanity *en masse*. War and Militarism are not new things, neither are they the sole product of any particular race. Repression of individuality and vicious tyranny are as ancient as man himself, and have always arisen from the same cause, namely, mental laziness and non-intelligence on the part of the people who allow themselves to be used up in the interests of degenerate rulers. If we permit arrogant and unscrupulous autocrats to decide the condition and object of our lives; if we allow despots to formulate laws which are expressly designed for our own personal sacrifice and destruction, what legitimate reason have we for complaint?

War is unquestionably the most hideous fraud ever imposed upon a long-suffering humanity; it denies the sacredness of human life and elevates into virtues those mechanical and non-mental responses to autocratic authority which involve the annihilation of human personality and the death of individuality. Militarism substitutes an impersonal and external discipline for an internal and personal discipline—the man becomes a machine—the spirit becomes a soulless mechanism—life becomes death. It is the price that humanity pays for refusing to recognize individual mental power; it is the tragedy of stagnant brains; the golgotha of human intellect.

In a world populated with mentally awakened people the curse of Militarism would be unable to exist. There is no question about this at all. War, which is the idealization of brute force, could not possibly be accepted in a universe populated with individuals who realized that brute force was the negation of mind and intelligence. A military autocrat in such a world would immediately be placed in prison for safe custody. The people would perceive that he was not only insane but also a source of serious danger to the community. They would relate the destructive ideas which dominated such a man to the effect of such ideas if put into action. *They would not wait until the world was plunged into the madness of war, they would visualize the result before it actually occurred and make sure that no such appalling calamity could come about.* This, it is certain, would be the action taken by a mentally awakened people who understood the relation between thought and action.

It is the hope of the world that the people shall be mentally awakened; that they shall be, as it were, initiated into the mysteries of mind; that social science and intelligent education shall prepare men and women not only for the particular trade, business, or profession which they choose to adopt, but for the supreme art of life itself. This is the need, and it is as urgent as our need of bread. A system of mental development is required that will link up all the tangled ends of unorganized thought, and enable the individual to become conscious of the highest values of human life, not only from a personal, but from a universal standpoint.

This system of mental education exists and has already proved itself to be of extreme value to thousands of individuals who had been previously handicapped by undeveloped brains and starved imagination. The Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training exists not only for the purpose of sharpening one's mental faculties in relation to commercial affairs, but also to enable the eyes of the mind to perceive more important and much deeper realities than the surface values of civilization.

Pelmanism exists to help the mind to become aware of itself in relation to the infinite possibilities of human existence, and also to develop personality in the direction of freedom and self-realization. It is one of the saddest facts of human life that so few really express themselves fully or achieve a condition of life that merges harmoniously with their own particular temperamental needs and desires. It is usually the diseased personalities of despots that express themselves to the full, as we have ample proof to-day. The peace-loving and normal man or woman who detests violence and leans mentally towards the higher values of life rarely comes to possess sufficient mental power to achieve what he or she feels instinctively to be the highest and best. This is the failure of the wrongly educated mind—the mind that is not whole. Militarists who gamble with the simple idealism of ordinary folk could not function were the opposite and higher mental qualities sufficiently developed in the people they exploit. It is at this point that the Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training asserts itself and reiterates the urgent need for real mental education based upon the laws of personal psychology.

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CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

SIR,—Remembering the attitude of THE NATION to public affairs during the last four years, which has won for it the support of all the decent thinking youth of the country, it is amusing to read the appeal of your correspondent, A.H.S., of Liphook, for more Christian Charity in its pages.

The apparent absence of any Christian institution in this country renders the term "Christian Charity" somewhat obscure. Probably the charity which your correspondent would evoke is that of the churches, as represented by their militant, if non-combatant, clergy, in which case the difference between him and THE NATION is a fundamental one; it is, indeed, a difference of Testament. One suspects your correspondent's form of charity to be Mosaic rather than Christian, which would, at least, testify to the sincerity of his patriotism. THE NATION, on the other hand, has taken its idea of charity from the New Testament, a blunder, Sir, which it is difficult to excuse at a time when we are so busy making the world safe for democracy.

One naturally hesitates to contrast the views of Herbert Spencer with those of your correspondent, but a passage from one of his letters may not be without interest for the general reader. It is as follows:—

"Elsewhere I have spoken of the nations of Europe as a hundred million pagans masquerading as Christians. Not infrequently, in private intercourse, I have found myself trying to convert Christians to Christianity; but have invariably failed. The truth is that priests and people alike, while taking their nominal creed from the New Testament take their real creed from Homer. Not Christ but Achilles is their ideal. One day in the week they profess forgiveness, and six days in the week they inculcate and practise the creed of revenge. On Sunday they promise to love their neighbors as themselves, and on Monday beat with utter scorn anyone who proposes to act on that promise in dealing with inferior peoples. Nay, they have even intensified the Spirit of revenge inherited from barbarians. For whereas the law of hostile tribes of savages is life for life, the law of the so-called civilized, in dealing with savages, is—for one life, many lives. This is diametrically opposed to human progress."

As to the aged to whom your correspondent refers, I will say nothing. They can take care of themselves. Even A.H.S. would hardly deny that the War has shewn us that.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. B.

[Captain Craig has incidentally furnished an interesting pendant to our correspondent's criticism of current religious ideals. In his speech on Tuesday night in the House of Commons, he said ("Times" report):—

"If you are prepared to send your sons, your relatives, and friends to the war, and have many of them shot down in their thousands, you ought to be brave enough, when you know that your own people are being done to death in Germany, to say, 'I will take the Germans we have here and for every man you kill in Germany we will kill one German here.' (Cheers.) That is only common sense. In times of peace all these other ideas of Christianity are all right, but now they are out of date. (Laughter.) If the person who objects to reprisals and who objects to killing a German, although they have been killing Englishmen in Germany, doubts whether it is right or not to do it, let him think that he is the agent of a Higher Power. Let him think that he is the agent of someone up above, and that will get out of the difficulty."

ED., THE NATION.]

KINGS WHO WERE POETS.

SIR,—Your correspondents have overlooked Frederick I. of Prussia. In Sherlock's Letters (1781) there is an English translation of an Ode which might have been written for these times; a copy is appended.

Frederick's "Art of War" is described as his masterpiece, and, in view of the Eastern Treaties, the valedictory address to young soldiers is interesting; it emphasises the abyss between older and modern German culture.

"To heights of glory if your heart aspires,
Know how to conquer, and your conquest use:
The greatest, most successful Roman chief,
On that famed day when he subdued the world,
Sav'd ev'n his foes in dire Pharsalla's field.
Lewis with equal mind at Fontenoy.
Mild in success, his vanquished foes' consoles;
Like a good deity his aid he gives;
With tears they bathe the hand that has disarmed them;
His valour conquers, and his mercy charms;
With goodness war's dire horrors he allays;
Heroes may vanquish, but 'tis God forgives."

—Yours, &c.,

NORTHMAN.

Lord Sheffield writes us:—"Will you allow me to make two corrections in my letter of the 17th, as printed by you? 'Unstable' should be 'suitable,' and in the third line on page 102, 'preparations' should be 'propositions.'"

Poetry

THE SUPPLIANTS' BLESSING.

[The daughters of Danaus, having fled to Greece out of Egypt, from the sons of Inachus, invoke a blessing on the Argive community of their origin which gives them asylum. Æschylus, *Suppliants* 630-709.]

Now ye gods in heaven give ear
While I pour my voice in prayer
For the folk that dwelleth here:—

Never let the fire come down
Upon this Pelasgian town,
Nor the War-god with lewd rout
Lift the insatiable shout,
Reaping where he hath not sown
Human harvest not his own.
For this folk hath pitied us,
Voting kindly, voting thus:
They revere high heaven's command;
They have holpen this weak band.

Against the males they passed decree
Nor with them would they agree,
But upheld the women's plea;
And regarded Zeus on high
With the vengeance-darting eye—
Such a glance none dares contest,
Or his house would be unblest;
Heavy, heavy, doth it sit
Where the roof-tree harbours it.
Nay, their kindred they revere,
Holy Zeus's suppliants here;
So shall their pure altars be
Pleasing to the deity.

Therefore let my zealous prayer
Speed from out my mouth's dark lair:
Never harmful pestilence
Thin this city's citizens,
Neither faction foul the earth
With bodies slain that here had birth;
Be uncultured the flower of youth,
Nor let Ares without ruth,
Though he with Love's Queen consort,
Shear the bloom of beauty short.

And the seats where sitteth Eld
Be in signal honor held:
So the State shall wax in might
Where they serve great Zeus aright,
Most when quests he holds in awe,
'Stablishing the ancient law.
And may earth, so runs the prayer,
Evermore fresh tribute bear:
Be the women brought to bliss
By their champion Artemis.

Never may the plague that slays
Manhood in the prime of days
Come to waste these city ways:
Foe to dance and foe to song,
War, to whom but tears belong,
Shout not here with armed throng:
May disease, a joyless swarm,
Crouch afar and do no harm:
Let Lyceus ever be
Kind to all in infancy.

Perfect tribute in full dower
Be of fruits that Zeus shall shower
Each in seasonable hour;
Let the flocks that graze the ground
Fertile in their kind be found:
Let all good from heaven abound.
By the altars hymns of praise
Let the holy minstrels raise:
Borne aloft the pure-voiced chant
With the lute be consonant.

Undeterred let Honor stand
'Mid the folk that rules the land—
Joint resolve of wise command.
Be to strangers, as is right,
Or e'er force be armed for fight,
Justice done without despite.

To the gods that here hold sway
Dues accustomed let them pay,
Toll of oxen, boughs of bay;
For that fathers should be feared,
This among the laws stands third,
Writ by Justice most revered.

C. W. BRODRICK.



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* * *

WHAT more could a man want than to read Pliny's "Natural History" in Philemon Holland's rich and finely condensed translation (first edition, 1601)? The material embraces the entire solid and liquid world and everything upon, in, or under it, and there are twelve hundred folio pages to read. With, however, but twelve hundred words at disposal, I had better confine myself to the book about birds. There are three dispositions to be observed in it—that of the incorrigible fabulist who, of course, dismisses legends about the griffins as idle toys and chat, of the copiously book-learned man, and of the man who goes out to look Nature in the face. Farewell, my books and my diversion!

* * *

THE worst of imaginative natural history is that it cannot cope with the natural wonders of actual phenomena. That is the difficulty with Pliny—one misses light and shade. He tells, for instance, how the coots swim in flocks for self-protection and when the hawk threatens "dazle the sight of their enemies," "with clashing and flapping the water with their wings." But we find that Sir Thomas Browne says the same thing of the Norfolk coots—"If the kite stoop near them, they will fling up and spread such a flash of water with their wings that they will endanger the kite." It is no *ignis fatuus* of romantic science, for Lord Lilford records exactly the same habit of the coots on the Lake of Epirus. So that when Pliny tells us that storks in their autumn migration over Italy carry stones in their beaks for ballast, that the crane is liable to the falling sickness, and kites are "troubled with the gout in their feet," we feel that Nature, standing upon the legal rights of her miracles, smiles at the inventions of the maddest, saddest, and most mischievous of all her children. Not but that Pliny does his best. I am sure he did not get his account of the raven laying its eggs by the bill from Aristotle, who was a pretty faithful and accurate observer. The "Bistard or Horne-Owle," he says, bored "with the tediousness and fancies of migration, repents that ever he enterprized the voyage" and, finding a fellow individualist, sensibly stays behind. "There is an unhappy bird called Escalon, and but little withall; yet will she squash and breake the raven's egg"; the only serious foe of the eagle is the dragon who winds himself about and chokes him, and of course, the night-jar (*cognimulgus*) sucks the goat's udders. He still does, according to the rustic. And so on.

* * *

IN many of these fables we can see what Pliny is driving at, so near are they to the surprise of fact. But it is more interesting to see what Pliny did really know about birds and how his knowledge compares with our own. There is a good deal of belly-love, for then, as now, the Italians were well up in their kindly habit of viewing practically all birds, great and small, in terms of the frying-pan. I will cut that out, as the Americans say. He is pleasant about the rooks (the Latin language has only two words for all the corvines—"corvus" and "cornix," as "hirundo" of swallows, martins, and swifts. (Vergil's beautiful line, "Aut arguta lacus circumvalitavit hirundo," may mean any of them). How "they keepe much prattling and are full of chat." According to Warde-Fowler, rooks were, and still are, both rare and migrant in Italy, nesting only in the sub-Alpine districts, so that both Pliny's remarks

about them and Vergil's exquisite description of their nesting among the leaves, gladdened beyond their wont, when they revisit "their high cradles," show that they had watched them or knew others who had watched them with tender feelings in their hearts. It is gratifying, too, to read how the Roman citizens fell upon a cobbler who killed a raven that used to bid good morrow to Tiberius, Germanicus, and Drusus every morning in the Forum. Pliny has a good deal to say about the woodpeckers (the wretched augurs used to have them killed) where they build, &c. and how "they will rampe with their bellies to the tree, lerching backward: and when they pecke with their bills against the barke they know by the sound thereof that there be wormes within for them to feed upon." Upon the flight of geese and swans (whoopers) he says: "They make way forcibly in a pointed squadron, like as it were the stemme of a foist at sea armed with a sharpe beake-head. . . ." He knew about the kingfisher's nest ("halcyon"): "Their nests are wonderously made, in fashion of a round bal: the mouth or entrie thereof standeth somewhat out, and is very narrow, much like unto great sponges," and makes no mistake about the sanitary arrangements of the swallow.

* * *

"It is a wonderful thing," he relates, "how some birds carry their eggs; for they lay a stick over two egges and soder it fast to them with a certaine viscositie which commeth forth of their owne guts; which done, they put their necks under the stick between both egges, which hanging equally paired of either side, they carry easily whither they would." It sounds rather too mechanically elaborate a process for the birds, but that some diving ducks and sea-birds do actually carry their young under their wings and dive with them is certain. The cuckoo, too, carries her egg, it is supposed, in the bill, before settling the maternity problem. Pliny again describes how the hen-bird, when her nest is approached, "will counterfeit that shee is verie heavie and cannot scarce goe, that shee is weake and enfeeblished: and either on her sunning or short flight that shee taketh, she will catch a fall, and make semblance as if she had broken a legge or a wing." It is only a very few enlightened modern ornithologists who can read the spiritual biography of Nature, and conjecture that the dotterel and others not only thus counterfeit a broken wing, but are actually paralyzed for the moment by the anguish of solicitude for their chicks.

* * *

ALL the classical writers are disappointing in their information about our little warblers and finches. Pliny says that the "anthus" has a voice like the neighing of a horse. He knows the robin ("erithacus"), but seems to confuse it with the "redtaile" (redstart?) But as if to compensate us for all, he has a glorious description of the nightingale's song, astonishingly exact (granted that no bird sings according to our musical scale), and translated into a melodious Elizabethan prose:—

"Is it not a wonder that so lowd and cleere a voice should come from so little a bodie? Is it not as strange that she should hold her wind so long, and continue with it as she doth? Moreover, she alone in her song keepeth time and measure truly; she riseth and falleth with her note just with the rules of musicke and perfect harmonie: for one while, in one entire breath, she draweth out her tune at length; another while shee quavereth and goeth away as part in her running points; sometimes she maketh stops and short cuts in her notes, another time she getteth in her wind and singeth descant between the plaine song; she fetcheth her breath againe, and then you shall have her in her catches and divisions; anon, all on a sodaine, before a man would think it, she drowneth her voice, that one can scarce heare her; now and then she seemeth to record to herselfe; and then she breaketh out to sing voluntarie. . . . for at one time you shall heare her voice full and lowd, another time as low; and anon shrill and on high; thicke and short when she list; drawne out at leisure againe when she is disposed, and then (if she be so pleased) she riseth and mounteth up aloft, as it were with a wind-organ. Thus she altereth from one to another, and singeth all parts, the Treble, the Meane, and the Base. To conclude, there is not a pipe or an instrument againe in the world (devised with all the art and cunning of man, so exquisitely as possibly might be) that can afford more musicke than this pretie bird doth out of that little thoroate of hers."

H. J. M.

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Reviews.

THE VICTORIAN SOLITUDE.

"A Writer's Recollections." By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
(Collins. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE has of late been much talk of Victorians, and though we have been amused by it, we are perhaps not much the wiser. This generation had forgotten their existence, and has found hardly more than an incredulous smile for the monsters revealed to it by the patiently cynical showmanship of Mr. Strachey. Mrs. Humphry Ward (who is very angry with Mr. Strachey) is a link with this fabulous past. At least, she would be a link if we could be sure that she had any secure attachment to our side of the chain. Perhaps the relation would be more truly expressed, if we say that we have no need of a telescope to study her.

Yet in all save time, she is as remote as the polar star, as remote, as indifferent, and as cold. We do not understand her. Whether the fault is hers or ours, who can say? The least that we can do is to try to define the insurmountable barrier which divides us. Why is it that the interest she arouses in us by her recollections is so dispassionate and chill, and that an excitement begins to kindle only when our inquiry becomes objective, as it were scientific, and we are impatient to know the reason why we are utterly unmoved? Can it be that Mrs. Humphry Ward is a commonplace writer; or, rather, can it be only that?

The answer is far too easy. Even though we do believe that Mrs. Humphry Ward is a commonplace writer, the quality of commonplace which we find in her is to be found in all her contemporaries. Even in those of far greater intellectual distinction than she, its presence cannot be denied. Matthew Arnold is infected by it, and even one who was more thoroughly rebellious against its miasma than Matthew Arnold—namely, Samuel Butler, is by no means immune. We feel that even their rebellion is decorous, and that in the struggle with the Evil One himself they would remain gentlemen. Though they might break down all barriers, one would always remain—the insuperable distinction between gentlemen and other creatures. But that is an almost ridiculous narrowing of the issue. The alien quality which we are seeking to define it seems in vain, is more subtle and more pervasive than this. We have the sense that somehow in the Victorian intellect everything was falsely simplified. We know there were great struggles heroically fought, but they seem to us to be unreal because, to our vision now, what united the disputants was much more important than what divided them. Therefore the story of their struggles reads to us more like an elaborate comedy than the tragedy which, as we must believe, it really was. We can hardly realize that they were unconscious of their fundamental community, and their controversies appear like play-acting.

Here we approach the essence of the matter. It becomes obvious why Mrs. Humphry Ward, though at the first glance she seems to be a link between the Victorian Age and our own, should subsequently appear to be the embodiment of it. The novels by which she attained her reputation are merely elaborate chronicles of those spiritual struggles which now appear to us to be storms in a teacup. She is still convinced that they are vastly important. A great deal of her book consists of the history of the composition of "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve," with the result that we find the whole faintly preposterous. The sense of proportion is so utterly different from our own, the values have so changed, that we find ourselves a million times more remote from the thoughts of Mrs. Humphry Ward than we are from those of any one of a dozen ancient Chinese poets in Mr. Waley's recent volume.

It is not that we consider ourselves bigger than our fathers. We will even admit that there were giants in those days. But we are different, and we must insist on the difference. In comparison with them we are unstable as water, and it is easy to see from her summary survey of what has followed her in thought and art that Mrs. Humphry Ward is persuaded that we do not excel. We are, in truth, insecure:—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

We find our spokesmen in the poet who wrote those lines and his contemporaries. There is a gap in our spiritual history, and not till Thomas Hardy, who struggled against and vanquished the complacency of an intervening age, do we find one whom we can revere without a tinge of mockery in our devotion. With him the sense of mystery and the knowledge of uncertainty returns. It is not that we are romantics; we are only seekers after the truth. But we know that the very elements of the truth are that life is not simple, and that if there is to be any common acceptance of fact between the disputants, the fact accepted must be as ugly as it is.

In this spirit we wonder, as we read these recollections, whether Mrs. Humphry Ward ever pondered the meaning of some remarkable words once spoken to her by Walter Pater:—

"In my ardent years of exploration and revolt, conditioned by the historical work that occupied me during the later seventies, I once said to him in a *l'ête-à-tête*, reckoning confidently on his sympathy, and with the intolerance and certainty of youth, that orthodoxy could not possibly maintain itself long against its assailants, especially from the historical and literary camps, and that we should live to see it break down. He shook his head, and looked rather troubled. 'I don't think so—,' he said. Then, with hesitation—'And we don't altogether agree. You think it's all plain. But I can't. There are such mysterious things. Take that saying: 'Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden.' How can you explain that? There is a mystery in it—something supernatural.'"

These words were spoken many years before Mrs. Humphry Ward wrote "Robert Elsmere." Yet, if she had really known what they meant, the writing of that novel would hardly have been possible. What has the paraphernalia of historical evidences to do with a spiritual need? The disputes between one Church and another are insignificant beside the desire of the human soul for the comfort of religion, and ridiculous beside the nature of the reality which makes that refuge to be desired, and makes it for many as impossible as it is desirable. The Victorians seem only to have stirred the surface of their problems.

It is so inconceivably hard to be fair to them, so hard to believe that we have profited by their victories. For if they made head on our behalf against an intellectual tyranny, it was only to impose another—the tyranny of a threadbare social conception. They derided our provincialism, and more effectively cut us off from the world by planting the standard of "the English gentleman" upon the ramparts than centuries of robustious ignorance had done. They expounded France to us, and it was always somehow the wrong France, the Anglicized solemnity of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" (concerning which Mrs. Ward reveals that it contemplated publishing "Robert Elsmere") instead of the epoch-making France of Flaubert. They taught the gospel of progress and social service, and yet they remained so ineffably superior that there are moments when it seems that a gospel of social hatred would have been better for us all. It would have cleared the air.

The absence of clear air and a clear vision in Mrs. Ward's "Recollections" bewilders us, and bewilders us the more because its absence is not obvious. For the absence of distinction in a style lends it, for a little while at least, the appearance of limpidity. Slowly we realize that we are seeing nothing, and that what we took for a transparent window is a pane of frosted glass.

In the vistas of her memory we see men as trees walking, vague outlines where particularity is lost. The figures of the Oxford she knew, of Jowett and Mark Pattison, of Liddon and Pusey, are shadows in her pages, looming shapes in a Victorian mist. The only man who is real is Walter Pater, and it is in spite of Mrs. Humphry Ward that we gain a glimpse of him; to how great a degree in her despite is shown by the possible answer to his remark which she might have given "a few years later," an answer which we forbear to quote. Nevertheless, through the general vagueness we are made aware that the Oxford society of that period was delightful. For some reason Mrs. Ward drops something of her *ex cathedra* manner in dealing with the women she knew, and she gives us, if not an understanding, at least a picture of the rare lady who was Mark Pattison's wife and subsequently Lady Dilke. And this is not a sketch, but a real picture, drawn carefully with an apprehension of the decorative significance of the

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subject. In the mind's eye we can shape a Manet portrait, with a definite delicacy of outline and a sober splendor of black for which we were wholly unprepared by anything in Mrs. Ward's previous narration. Even now we are afraid that, if we were to turn to those pages again, the vision would have vanished. But there, undeniably, it once was. The grey mist opened for a moment and closed again; and we are left with the pitiful sense that life may have been really thus, that a Mrs. Pattison may have really been a bird bright of plumage caged in the murk of an inhospitable clime. But oh, the high seriousness of it all! How many bright butterflies were broken on this Victorian wheel, and with how much more truth might it be said of Victorian ideals than of the Roman legions: *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*. They laid waste the soul and called it peace.

THE CHILDHOOD OF GENIUS.

"Far Away and Long Ago: A History of My Early Life."
By W. H. HUDSON. (Dent. 15s. net.)

WE know Mr. Hudson for a writer of beautiful romances, a great naturalist, a scholar (his books are honeycombed with literary allusion and quotation), and in expression an artist of singular grace and lucidity. But after reading "Far Away and Long Ago" these qualities become curiously irrelevant, or rather they seem to be absorbed into some central unifying index of personality for which we have no dictionary word, but which we recognise at once as of an importance for which we have no relative measure and of a permanence and truth which transcend the changing and perishable conditions of mortality. Perhaps we can best indicate the presence of this mysterious element by describing in the first place how Mr. Hudson came to write his autobiography. He says truly of books about childhood in general that the retrospective imagination of the mature man is always liable to "retouch and colour and shade and falsify" the picture by the light of the developed mind. But it was never Mr. Hudson's intention to pierce the "shrouded mental landscape" by that light at all.

What happened was that he fell ill, and that in the midst of his malady the mists suddenly rolled away from the prospect, and it was revealed to him in its whole contour and to its smallest detail. This strange mental condition was not like that of persons whose memories of their early life surge momentarily into their conscious mind by, say, the perfume of a flower—because with Mr. Hudson this state was crystalline and continuous throughout the period of his illness. We may refer this illumination partly to the fact that, in his psychology, the boy was truly father of the man, and boyhood's devotions, so far from fading into the light of common day, grew into the shape of a philosophy and the intensity of a faith. Nature was not a profession but a vocation from the earliest dawn of consciousness and the animism of the child who saw in a tree with the moonlight upon it a veritable supernatural presence, except that it did not actually move and speak to him aloud, became, in its ultimate form, the religious inspiration of his whole life. The free conditions of his childhood are, again, partly accountable. He lived far away from the artificial restraints of city life, on the sparsely inhabited sea-like Argentine plain. But if these things are a sop to human logic, or rather, if we can to some extent reconcile it with that mystical, natural-divine faculty which penetrates and informs the book, still we fall short of the final solution. The call to write it may exercise modern psychologists, but a simpler, less euphuistic age would not have hesitated to have declared, in semi-biblical phrase, that it was written at the dictation of a force that chooses and sways its human instruments we know not how or why. For it is not only what he has remembered, but how he has remembered it. As we advance into the current of the book and are swept along by it, "the banks and shoals of time," the time between the boy of long ago and the man who makes him living and present to us from so far away, recede and disappear. When, for instance, we read, "She was dark and dusky-skinned, with a reddish tinge in the duskiness, purple-red lips and liquid black eyes with orange-brown reflections in them," we do not pause to reflect

upon an astonishing feat of memory because of a much more astonishing triumph of the spirit whereby the identity of boy and man is made so perfect that we accept without question both the mature perception of the former and the child-like freshness and spontaneity of the latter. In his poem "Childhood" Vaughan wrote:—

"How do I study now, and scan
Thes more than e'er I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy centre and mid-day!
For sure that is the narrow way."

Mr. Hudson, by something over and beyond strength of individuality and artistic mastery, has reached the centre and midday of childhood.

In the second place, we may point to Mr. Hudson's profound passion for colors. There are two ways of seeing colors—the ordinary one, which derives pleasure from their assortment, blending and harmony, their depth, softness, and richness, &c., and the rare way which sees them not only with the senses but through the mind, as materialized symbols of a meaning and beauty beyond (except in fragments) our reach. Nobody can read Mr. Hudson's books without feeling this more subtle and intense joy which colors excite in him, and in this masterpiece of personality most of all. He describes, for instance, how God used to appear in his room at night, like "a column five feet high or so":—

"The colour was blue, but varied in depth and intensity; on some nights it was sky-blue, but usually of a deeper shade, a pure, soft, beautiful blue like that of the morning-glory or wild geranium."

Francis Thompson speaks of the sun "clanging up beyond Cathay," and Shelley of becalmed ships like "quiet thoughts in a dream," and this peculiarly imaginative sense of interpreting sight by sound, visible by invisible things, which belongs to the poets dazzles us in the many-hued radiance of "Far Away and Long Ago."

It is a natural transition from color to birds, for while Mr. Hudson sees with the inward eye and worships the spiritual presences in Nature, so birds in the beauty of their coloring, their delicacy of form and motion, their passionate zest in living, and their gladness of heart appear to him to be Nature's most consummate expression: what language and rhythm are to the poet, so birds to Nature. He was, he says, tempted to make his book mainly about birds; yet explicitly they take the stage but little. Passages of this direct kind are few:—

"And when I recall these vanished scenes, those rushy and flowery meres, with their varied and multitudinous wild life—the cloud of shining wings, the heart-enlivening wild cries, the joy unspeakable it was to me in those early years—I am glad to think I shall never revisit them, that I shall finish my life thousands of miles removed from them, cherishing to the end in my heart the image of a beauty which has vanished from earth."

Yet to an extraordinary degree what we may call the bird-spirit animates and transfigures the whole book. Mr. Arthur Symonds once said of Lamb that he seemed to wander from the track more than any of his contemporaries, yet he seemed to reach the end sooner than they did. So the scenes and incidents and emotions of this book wheel and float in and about one another in seeming aimlessness, like a bird's flight, and all the time are parts of an indivisible unity. When the writer first took to his pony, he was like a young bird leaving its nest. Not only, again, do we contemplate the spirit of the place where he lived through its bird visitations, the green paroquets flocking in the pink peach-blossom and the brightness of his youth in the "delicate, tender opening notes and trills . . . as of hundreds of small bells all ringing at one time" of the cow-bird gatherings, but the birds are the visiting-cards to the neighbors and indeed most of the queer or lovable or terrible or in some way strongly personal characters he met among the wild pampas. Some notes in the cries of the night-watchmen of Buenos Ayres are like the hoarse caw of the carrion crow; the thin, high-pitched voice of Natalia, who prayed in vain on her knees that her son Medardo would not be taken as a conscript, was "like the mournful cry of some wild bird of the marshes." The amiable Barboza, the fighting gaucho, who used to sing his epic slayings in a monotonous chant to the company after dinner, had "fierce eagle-like eyes under bushy

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black eyebrows that looked like tufts of feathers." The brilliant young gentlemen who, after escorting the ladies to church in Buenos Ayres, assembled outside to talk together in their black frock-coats and scarlet waistcoats were like a flock of military starlings. There was one particularly fine young gallant who established a still closer contact with the birds. He astonished the small boy on a visit to the capital by sauntering calmly down the Parade in his silk hat and hurling pebbles at the small siskins from a wash-leather bag. One he killed and gave to the boy, who had never seen one, dead or alive, in the hand to look at—"and now its wonderful unimagined loveliness, its graceful form, and the exquisitely fine flower-like hue affected me with a delight so keen that I could hardly keep from tears." He never to this day has been able to divine the motive of this fantastic being, unless "some heartless, soulless woman he was in love with" had imposed the task upon him. When Mr. Hudson paid a visit to Selborne, he describes in one of his books how, sitting under the old yew in the churchyard, the spirit of Gilbert White or the residuum of his earthly life rose from the soil like an emanation or a perfume. It is the same with bird-life in this book. The sense of it is a spiritual effluence, mingled with the human emotions of sadness, exhilaration, and desire.

Through hovering about the plantations of the estancias to watch the birds, Mr. Hudson got to know many of their inmates. We wish we had space to give the reader some idea of this long gallery of scores of fascinating portraits painted for us in a few lines with a wealth of humor and insight. There is Don Gregorio ("is" in this extraordinarily vivid book is always ousting "was," or rather strangely blending with it) with his artist's passion, rage for breeding piebalds, thousands of them, in every shade of contrast with white, and though doing it for business, ignoring what he lost by it. He is, in his shabby robustness, a perfect contrast to the decayed exquisite Don Anastasio Buenavida, who would not have any of his dangerous wild pigs killed, though they ruined his land. There are his and his brothers' three tutors, fat little Mr. Trigg, who took up teaching to avoid work and was so fine a social figure out of school, but drink sent him to the horse-whip; the Catholic priest who coquetted with the Protestants and was so sly and amiable; the third, who did his best, helped by Mr. Hudson's mother, but he too went the way of rum. The Hermit, too, who came to beg. He never took money—only food, and food without a blemish. His face was as keen as a falcon, but on it was a set expression of deep mental anguish, and his garment resembled a very large mattress in size and shape, a foot thick, and stuffed with sticks, stones, hard lumps of clay, rams' horns, bleached bones, &c. It was fastened with a strap of hide, and reached nearly to the ground. It was guessed that he had committed some terrible crime and this was his way of remorse. For twenty years he pursued his dreary course, until he was found dead of old age and famine on the plain. Captain Scott came and went, but was never forgotten. He was a huge man with a red face, "like the sun setting in glory and surrounded with a fringe of silvery-white hair and whiskers, standing out like the petals round the disc of a sunflower." Or another Englishman, Mr. Royd, with his romantic business schemes, his sanguine and genial temperament, and his fat, white, lazy wife, who when he was ruined and shot himself, cursed the day that she had met him; or the atheistic gaucho, with his terrible story of his mother's death.

For the small boy, too, the end of the book is darkness and storm. After typhus and rheumatic fever he was told by the doctors that he might die at any moment. Upon him then fell the double terror—religious doubt and fear of death. So poignantly tragic is Mr. Hudson's tale of his sufferings that we are inevitably set thinking of Cowper. Yet the tale is different, and by its difference makes the recital less painful and perhaps more significant than poor Cowper's. For the motives of Cowper's anguish must now appear a little remote to us, whereas by this boy's we can realize more intently its obverse—the rapturous adoration of life and Nature and the acute consciousness of them within him. Nor were these two agonies separate:—

"This visible world, this paradise of which I had had so far but a fleeting glimpse—the sun and moon and other worlds peopling all space with their brilliant constellations, and still other suns and systems, so utterly remote, in such

inconceivable numbers as to appear to our vision as a faint luminous mist in the sky,—all this universe which had existed for millions and billions of ages, or from eternity, would have existed in vain, since now it was doomed with my last breath, my last gleam of consciousness, to come to nothing. For that was how the thought of death presented itself to me."

Nor was anything lost, for this religious passion of emotional experience, of the power and meaning of which only a perusal of the book itself can give a true impression, was finally merged into a philosophic conviction of our relationship with all the infinitely varied forms of life which share the planet with us; merged, too, in the memory of his mother, whose portrait is drawn with so rare and beautiful a tenderness that again we can only compare it with the melodious trills of the birds, "messengers of the Author of our beings" heard in the trees by the homestead.

We can only hope that Mr. Hudson, having given us so wonderful a story of his earliest years, will grant us and posterity a continuance of it.

* BAD AND NOT SO BAD.

"The Secret Hand." By DOUGLAS VALENTINE. (Jenkins. 6s. net.)

"Lieutenant Bones." By EDGAR WALLACE. Illustrated by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, A.R.A. (Ward, Lock. 5s. net.)

"Tumult." By GABRIELLE VALLINGS. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.)

"The Burning Glass." By MARJORIE BOWEN. (Collins. 6s. net.)

A Book to be both bad and popular must have some quality beyond the mere badness: or, at least, its badness must be of a definite kind. Of these four novels—for every one of which we predict a considerable sale—three are bad in three different ways, while the fourth (and this is perhaps the severest condemnation) is not so bad after all: but throughout the four the one quality that will engage the attention and accelerate the circulation is the combination of moralized sentimentality with the sententious use of unusual phraseology. "The Secret Hand" is scarcely bad enough to be funny: there is really nothing else to be said against it. Its sentiments are normal beyond what O. Henry called "the dreams of average," and its metaphors are as mixed as the company to which it introduces us. "There is a sinister ring about the word 'murder,'" says the author, "which reacts upon even the most hardened sensibility." We believe this to be true. De Quincey noticed it long ago. "If once," he wrote, "a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think very little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. . . . Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time." But it is of the essence of the spy-novel that the human emotions should not be given their common values. When, at the beginning of "The Secret Hand," we find the kind-hearted old music-hall artist Mackwayte slaughtered, with every circumstance of horror, to satisfy nothing but the exigencies of a highly artificial plot, we are bound to be as artificial in our judgment as is the author in his execution. Charles Lamb commended the Restoration Comedy for its lack of moral judgments: "The Fainalls, the Mirabels, and the Lady Touchwoods," he maintained, "break through no laws or conscious restraints," because "they know of none." Why should not the writer of "The Secret Hand" avail himself of a similar convention? His Mackwayte is only a makeweight. But the objection is that the convention is not consistent. The spy-novel *does* demand moral judgments, so that we get in the result neither sentiment nor detachment, but sentimentality. One touch of nature spoils the picture: it is the one touch that we get. Mr. Douglas Valentine provides the expected properties: the Chief of the Secret Service, "suave" and—need we add?—"imperturbable," whose telephone when it rings "rings sharply": the officer home on leave: the other officer, purporting—but it would be unfair to give away a secret which even the most experienced reader will not suspect until he reaches page 38. Attention is better directed to Mr. Valentine's

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style, which, if less adequate than his plot, is more peculiarly his own:—

"On the top of all this fog of obscurity rested the dense cloud surrounding the murder of old Mackwayte with the unexplained, the fantastic, clue of that single hair pointing back to Nur-el-din."

Nur-el-din, of course, is a beautiful dancer: it is her beauty that draws the Secret Service by a single hair. The description of her charms leaves us doubtful whether we have not done Mr. Valentine what he would probably call "a great wrong" in accusing his style of peculiarity. Her "full round throat" is not more hackneyed than her "dazzlingly white teeth," and her mouth is "a perfect Cupid's bow," which can scarcely have been drawn at a venture.

If "The Secret Hand" is scarcely bad enough to be funny, "Lieutenant Bones" is scarcely funny enough to be even bad: it belongs to a sort of limbo where the critic's writ does not run. It is about Africa and medicine men, but seems intended to tickle our ribs rather than to curdle our blood. Why the hero is called Bones at all we do not clearly gather, unless it is in memory of the "Brother Bones" who used to make the bad puns for the nigger minstrels. Here is a perfectly fair specimen of his humor:—

"As poor old What's-his-name says, 'Who steals my purse steals nothing, but he who tries to pull a feller's leg, when he's down an' out, is a naughty old rascal.'"

Mr. Wallace is a writer certainly not without talent. We seem to remember him as a fairly successful story-teller of the Kipling-and-water school, and if he really thinks "Lieutenant Bones" good enough, he must have for his public a contempt which we hope is not deserved.

As for "Tumult," its publishers have thoughtfully forestalled the reviewer, and we cannot do better than quote from their announcement:—

"The theme underlying this novel is the eternal warfare between Nature and civilisation.

"Roxane—a young girl of eighteen, half-French, half-English, who is on the point of making a conventional marriage with a dissolute young French Marquis, when the story opens—and Poldini, a Futurist artist, a decadent eccentric, who discovers too late that he has wasted both his powers and his life—these two are the central figures of the book, even though they are poles apart, and only brought into contact to mark two extremes."

That extremes meet is a commonplace; but it is characteristic of "Tumult" that they should meet in the centre while remaining poles apart. Roxane's true-hearted lover, who succeeds in displacing the dissolute French marquis, is "the re-incarnation of the god Pan." He comes from Australia, from the clean winds and open spaces, where Nature (we are given to understand) is ever so natural, and civilization is knocked out in the first round. Europe is "civilized," and the war comes upon it as a just retribution for centuries of revolt against the laws of Nature. If this is a sound reading of history, Australia certainly seems justified in having rejected conscription. Roxane's maternal grandfather also comes from Australia, and explains in what respects the Old World falls short. He is a "Sheep-King," a millionaire with a heart of gold and a myriad legs of mutton:—

"I think," he said, meditatively, "that every time a man draws near to the wild he has that sense of great expectancy, and a reverence for virgin Nature which keeps him silent and awed. And that day, more than any other, I was overpowered with Bush silence, and an apprehension of something primitive and eternal. In the present case I was right, for, in drawing near to the Bush that day—I drew near to the greatest and most primitive joy that comes into a man's life."

All good things, clearly, need the Bush; and thus we are prepared for the statement: "After a moment I saw her—she who was afterwards my love and my wife."

"My grandmother," Roxane said, a reverence in her eyes and voice."

That sharp change from "her" to "she" is an instance of Miss Vallings's dictatorial command of grammar.

Miss Bowen, it goes without saying, is in a wholly different class from the three authors we have dealt with above, though her style is conventional and occasionally forced. When, within a few pages, her heroine is "infinitely" graceful and speaks in a tone of "infinite" melancholy—when, actually within two pages, her hero wears his uniform

with a "certain" carelessness and has his hair dressed with a "certain" looseness—we are bound to detect a "certain" uncertainty in the handling of words. But the book is, on the whole, not a bad book. It is a careful historical novel, full of convincing detail and "local colour." Miss Bowen's *Mademoiselle de Iespinasse* is a painstaking study, and it would be hard here to find much fault with either incident or dialogue. But the whole story is completely lifeless. We cannot imagine why Miss Bowen should have taken so much trouble to write it.

The Week in the City.

SINCE last week a belief in the near approach of peace has become so widespread that it may almost be described as universal. On Monday, I am told, the betting (or whatever you like to call it) at Lloyd's, was about 6 to 1 that there would be peace before Christmas, and at the present moment I find many good judges who are of opinion that the armistice will be arranged before the Congressional elections in the United States—i.e., before Tuesday next. As a result, no doubt, of this conviction, Consols and gilt-edged stocks have hardened, and Home railway stocks have been rising. Argentine Rails are also better in view of the revival of overseas commerce, and the immense demand there will be for foodstuffs after the war. Vickers' and Armstrongs' and other war industrials have been dull and depressed in consequence of the growing danger of peace. Money is in demand at from 3 to 3½ per cent. but discount rates are unaltered at 3½ per cent. Opinion is divided as to whether money will be tight after the war, but if the first Report of Lord Cunliffe's Committee is carried out, we may expect that a conservative policy will be followed, and that the manufacture of paper money and of fictitious capital will be brought to an end. It is satisfactory to note that the Fourth Liberty Loan of over 1,000 millions sterling, has been fully subscribed in the United States. Thursday's Bank Return showed a decline in Reserve and Proportion.

ARGENTINE RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

Two of the four great Argentine Railways have announced their dividends, the Buenos Ayres Great Southern and the Buenos Ayres Western, each paying a final dividend of 2 per cent. on the ordinary stock, the improved traffics since the granting of an advance in freight rates, coupled with the prospect of an early escape from some of the special difficulties of the war, are factors which inspire confidence in holders, and stock is by no means plentiful in the market. The fact that the stocks are so tightly held at prices which offer a very low yield shows that there is a wide expectation of an increase of dividend rates in the near future. But on this point two notes of caution may not be out of place. First, expenses, which have risen to such abnormal heights, will come down gradually and not all at a rush. Secondly, little has been done during the years of war stress towards continuing the directors' policy of building up reserves. When more prosperous days return reserves may perhaps need generous attention before any substantial advance is allowed in dividend rates.

THE RUBBER OUTLOOK.

During the last couple of months the Rubber Market has emerged from the Slough of Despond in which it was recently engulfed. The action of the Straits Government, to which I referred last week, is one hopeful factor, other reasons for hope were alluded to by Mr. Heath Clarke in his address at the annual meeting of the shareholders of Harrisons and Crosfield. Mr. Clarke, who speaks with great authority, ventured the opinion that if the war continues the U.S. Government would have to import more rubber for purely war purposes than is permitted under the present restrictions. On the other hand, presumably, if peace comes, the normal demand will speedily revive. Either way, therefore, it looks as if rubber investors had been taking too gloomy a view. But of course, the near future depends mainly upon the speed with which tonnage can be made available. Mr. Clarke also pointed out the certainty of a great demand for tea after the war from the depleted markets of the world, and this will in due course favor those many rubber plantation companies who are deeply interested in tea.

LUCILLUM.

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THE twenty-seventh annual meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., was held on the 25th ult., at the Great Eastern Hotel, London, E.C., the Right Hon. the Viscount Furness presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the profit of the year, including the balance brought forward and after making provision for excess-profits tax, amounted to £781,672 0s. 4d., of which the sum of £200,000 had been allocated to depreciation account, and the directors recommended that a bonus of 10 per cent., free of income tax, be paid on the ordinary share capital, making a total distribution for the year of 20 per cent. free of tax. It would be observed that the profit was materially less than shown by the accounts a year ago, the principal reason for the reduction being that the company's fleet had, throughout the year, traded upon either full requisition or liner requisition, and, therefore been limited to the Blue Book rates of hire. These rates were totally inadequate, the proof of which was shown by the fact that the profits the company had derived from its steamers was only approximately one-seventh of those earned from this source during the previous year. Their company had, fortunately, many other interests, and was not entirely dependent upon shipping for its revenue. Had it not been so the accounts now presented would have disclosed anything but a satisfactory position. At no other time in the world's history have the vital needs of the Empire been more dependent upon the shipping industry than during this tragic War, and it certainly appears unjust that at this particular time this particular industry should have been selected for special legislation by which it is financially penalised as compared with every other trade in the country.

Sir Fredk. Lewis, Bart., in seconding the motion, referred to foreign competition after the war, and said that our trades had been turned upside down, particularly the services between foreign ports, which had either been reduced to vanishing-point or abandoned altogether in order that the ships might be made available for war service. Therefore it was vitally important that the means of employment for our surplus tonnage should be safeguarded by every means in our power before it was too late, and that our shipping trades all over the world should be fostered where possible, and extended where practicable, and that at the earliest possible opportunity.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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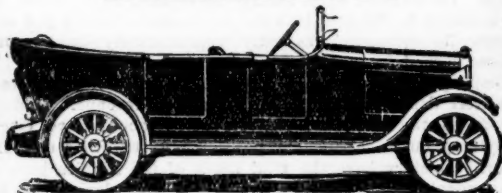
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